

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Modern Domestic Medicine; or, a Popular Treatise, illustrating the Character, Symptoms, Causes, &c. of all Diseases incident to the Human Frame.* By THOMAS JOHN GRAHAM, M. D. 8vo. pp. 571. London, 1826. Simpkin and Marshall.

WHEN, in a recent number of *The Literary Chronicle*,\* we alluded to the regulations respecting medical practitioners, which our barbarian ancestors thought it wise to adopt,—such as rendering it unlawful to demand a fee, unless the patient recovered; inflicting a fine of 150 sol., if he were weakened by bleeding; and, if he died, the giving up of his physician to the surviving relatives, to be by them disposed of as they pleased;—we neglected to observe that the Visigoths were without such able and disinterested physicians as modern times have seen,—the Buchans and Grabams, who, with singular liberality, benevolence, and loftiness of feeling, have done much towards making every man his own medical adviser. Had the barbarians been so situated, they would never have enacted such degradatory and distrustful laws; and if, even in their days, there was enough of gratitude and respect towards the profession, to give birth to a law which prevented its members from being confined for debt,—when would they have ceased to shower benefits and honours on the individuals we have named?

Dr. Graham considers that the writer of a work of the kind before us, should present to his readers the best and most accessible ‘remedies for the relief of pain and irritation,’ and this object we believe him to ‘have kept in view throughout the volume.’

With respect to the works on domestic medicine which the public already possess, Dr. Graham asserts that he differs from their authors, ‘on many points both of arrangement and practice,’ and conceives that there is sufficient room for the publication of an additional work of a similar description. We think so too; and that a work like the present, in which due attention is paid to the vast improvements which the medical, as well as all other sciences have experienced, in these enlightened days, ought to be received as a most acceptable offering.

In order to afford our readers some idea of the character of this treatise, we shall make a few extracts from such portions of it as are generally interesting. We commence with—

Wines.—‘The adulteration of wines is a

frequent practice among wine merchants, and one which is fraught with much mischief; for so iniquitous are the means made use of by some dealers, to enable them to pass bad wine off as that which is good, that such adulterated wines often operate like slow poisons. They occasion head-ache, pain of the stomach, uneasiness, cough, and difficulty of breathing, and afterwards cholic, constipation, palsy, and consumption. Some of the adulterations of wine are rather harmless, others extremely dangerous. The common red wines are frequently made of new, tart, and half-spoiled white wines, by tinging them with red sumach, or other woods or berries. In order to make the wine stronger and more pungent, a variety of spices are employed, such as galangal, cardamom, mace, and the like; or an unfermented mash, wort, or the mash for distilling spirits, are occasionally added, and allowed to ferment together with inferior wines. But the most deleterious of all adulterations of wine, is that with sugar of lead, and other preparations of that mineral. This infamous practice was carried on, some years ago, in Paris, to such an extent, that the excise-office could not account for the prodigious increase of vinegar entered at the city gates. But it was at length discovered, that this vinegar consisted only of tart and adulterated wines, imported under the pretended character of vinegar, in order to avoid the high duty imposed upon wines, on their entrance into Paris; and sugar of lead, joined to some absorbent earths, was employed to change these vinegars into sweet wines, which destroyed the lives of many thousand persons. This secret, of the utmost importance to health and life, was confessed by a rich old wine merchant, on his death-bed, to relieve in some degree his tortured conscience.

‘To detect adulterated wines, we must attend to the following particulars: every white or straw-coloured wine of a sweetish taste, afterwards astringent, and at the same time new; every wine that has an unusually high colour, not in proportion to its strength and age, or the flavour of brandy, penetrating the tongue, or, lastly, an uncommonly strong flavour, may be justly suspected of adulteration. Red wines, either of a very deep or a very faint colour; of a woody or tart taste; and those which cover the inside of the glass, as well as the bottom of the bottles, with a red sediment, are generally tinged with some colouring substances.

‘In order to discover whether suspected wine contains any metallic adulteration, we are possessed of an excellent chemical test, discovered by Professor Hahnemann, of Germany, and known by the name of *Liquor*

*Vini Probatorius.* It is prepared as follows: one drachm of the dry liver of sulphur, and two drachms of cream of tartar, are shaken together in two ounces of distilled water, till it be completely saturated with hepatic gas; the liquor is then filtered through blotting paper, and kept in a close-stopped phial. From sixteen to twenty drops of this liquid are dropped into a small glass, filled with wine that is suspected to have been adulterated. If the wine turn only thick with white clouds, and deposit only a white sediment, we may be certain that it contains no metallic ingredients whatever; but if it turn black, or even muddy, if its colour approach to that of a dark red, if it have first a sweet and then an astringent taste, it is certainly impregnated with sugar of lead, or some other impregnation of that metal, equally destructive. If, however, the dark colour be of a blue cast, not unlike that of pale ink, we may suspect the wine to contain iron in its composition. Lastly, if the wine be impregnated with copper or verdigris, it will deposit a sediment of a blackish grey colour. This experiment ought to be made with a fresh-prepared test, and in the open air.’

Tea.—‘The annual consumption of tea in this kingdom is enormous; yet physicians are still divided respecting its real qualities, some considering it to be, upon the whole, a wholesome and beneficial diluent, while others look upon it as pernicious, and attribute to its frequent employment chiefly the visible increase of nervous disorders, and other complaints of debility. A considerable majority of professional men, however, rank among the former; and I think there is much reason to consider good black tea, when drank in moderate quantity, as wholesome and useful. It forms a refreshing antispasmodic beverage, very suitable for the morning and evening, but should not be taken either strong or hot, and the addition of a little milk and sugar renders it more wholesome. Individuals of a rigid and solid fibre require more of it, and are more benefited by it, than those of an opposite habit; but none should take more than three small tea-cupfuls morning and evening. Generally speaking, I am fully persuaded it is superior for common use to cocoa, chocolate, or coffee, though it is very probable that some of our indigenous plants would yield as wholesome and palatable an infusion as the tea leaf of China. With some persons, however, no kind of China tea agrees, and then an infusion of agrimony, or some other native plant, should be substituted for it. It is certain that all green tea is pernicious, having a strong tendency to injure the stomach and bowels, and the whole nervous system. Medicinally, tea is occasionally of service in ar-

\* See the review of Mr. Spence's important and valuable Inquiry into the Laws and Institutions of Europe.

dent and bilious fevers, cramp of the stomach, flatulency, and to relieve the sensations of oppression and weight at the pit of the stomach, so frequently accompanying indigestion and bilious complaints. It is, however, worthy of particular notice from the dyspeptic, that few things will injure him more than an immoderate indulgence in this or any other warm slop.'

We should be strongly tempted to extract some able remarks on the various processes of cookery, if we had not indulged rather copiously in that species of quotation, when reviewing Dr. Parr's Treatise on Diet,\* but we the less regret our inability to do this, as there appears to be no difference of opinion between these two practitioners.

Dr. Graham, (who has published a distinct Treatise on Indigestion, Bilious, and Liver Complaints, in which these prevalent disorders are practically considered,) asserts, that complaints arising from indigestion are often improperly attributed to biliary disarrangement:—

The disorders of the liver have attracted so great and unreasonable a degree of attention of late, both from the profession and the public at large, that it is exceedingly common for almost all complaints subsisting within the abdomen, (or belly,) to be resolved into some irregularity or deficiency in the secretions of that organ; and as by far the greater number of disorders found among civilised men, whether local or general, originate or center in the aberrations of the important organs of digestion, and are most readily cured by the employment of remedies which have the power of bringing them again into a healthy state, the prevailing opinion of the paramount influence of the bile over the well-being of our whole frame, has appeared so well founded, as to have gained almost universal belief, and the terms *bilious* and *liver* complaints are, consequently, become *fashionable*, and are freely employed by persons of every rank and condition. But this prevailing opinion has no real foundation in truth. The liver is, indeed, a large organ, and it is, unquestionably, of some consequence that its secretion should be healthy and in proper quantity; but, though large, it possesses only a faint sensibility, and in a very imperfect organization, when compared with what we find in the stomach and bowels, and the use of the bile which it secretes is by no means clear. On the contrary, the digestive canal (that is, the stomach and bowels,) has an exquisite sensibility, and a most delicate structure; the value and use of its secretions are great and unequivocal; and the sympathy which it exerts in its functions over other parts of the body, is striking and universal. From these facts, the present author concludes, that the liver is a viscus of inferior moment, and that those maladies which are now so generally called bilious and liver complaints, are, in reality, disorders of the stomach or bowels, or both. If the existing evil be obstinate, and attended with pain in the right side, it is common to call it "liver complaint;" if less severe, "bilious." But

by far the greater number of both these cases, are examples of indigestion, dependant upon an unhealthy condition of the digestive tube, and thus the author hopes his readers will constantly view them, knowing, from sufficient observation and experience, that as such they are invariably most safely and successfully treated.

For the symptoms and treatment of bilious complaints, the reader is, therefore, referred to indigestion. But before quitting this subject, I would remark, that whether these prevailing maladies are considered bilious or stomach complaints, *it is certain* the administration of much mercury is never necessary, and always hurtful. A little calomel or blue pill, for example, one grain of the former, or four or five grains of the latter, given every day, or every other day, is frequently of great service, but beyond this they are seldom safe; and now that calomel is so frequently and largely administered, to the great injury of those who thus take it, this is a point worthy of serious attention.'

Descriptive of a complaint which has of late been lamentably general, we find the following account:—

*Cholera Morbus.*—By cholera is meant a vomiting and purging, which is often of an alarming character, especially in hot climates. This disease has been generally considered to be an inordinate secretion of bile of a vitiated quality; but it is now certain, that those are the most alarming cases in which the secretion of bile is wholly suppressed. It would seem, that an excited state of the stomach and small intestines, has much more to do in producing this complaint than any diseased affection of the liver, or gall-ducts.

*Symptoms.*—The most frequent symptoms are, nausea, pain, and distention of the stomach and intestines; quickly succeeded by violent and frequent vomiting, and painful purging of bilious, or other ill-conditioned fluids; agony of the intestines and abdomen; distressing thirst and heat, followed by cold sweats; a quick, small, and sometimes unequal pulse; great anxiety and extreme restlessness; excruciating spasms of the legs, arms, chest, and abdomen; fainting; sometimes universal convulsions.

The most dangerous signs in the ordinary progress of the disease are, a coldness of the surface of the body, extending over the region of the heart and stomach; the skin under the nails becoming incurvated; the tongue icy cold; an universal colliquative sweat breaking forth, with a shrivelling of the palms of the hands and soles of the feet; an absence of vomiting and purging. The violence of the attack may destroy life in twenty-four hours, but this is not a frequent occurrence in Great Britain.

*Causes.*—This disease is most frequently caused in our own country, by suppressed perspiration, particularly by cold or damp applied to the feet; cold, indigestible fruit—as unripe apples, cucumbers, melons, &c.; violent purgatives; sudden fright: and it prevails most at the close of summer and the beginning of autumn.

But it is to India that we are to look for cholera in its most exquisite forms, where it

is frequently epidemic, and, from its malignant character, often frightfully destructive of human life. The remote cause of the epidemic cholera of India yet remains to be ascertained, for there are insuperable objections to considering it either as propagated by contagion, or dependant upon a peculiar state of the atmosphere.

It has been usual with medical writers to consider severe affection of the liver, or of the bile-ducts, to be the immediate cause of cholera, but the present author is convinced that it is really owing to high irritation and spasm of the stomach and small intestines; for nothing can explain the severity of the symptoms in this disease, the extensive chain of influence excited, and the complete exhaustion of the living principle, which sometimes occurs with astonishing rapidity, but the supposition of such a condition of these very sensible and important organs. The imperfect organization of the liver and bile-ducts, their dull sensibility, and their confined sympathies, are so apparent, as to render it impossible for us satisfactorily to account for these phenomena by any imagined spasm centered in them.'

The arrangement of this work is of a very superior order, and peculiarly adapts it for the use of families. All the best authorities (particularly those of modern days,) are industriously consulted; and for practical universal service, it is certainly very far above its celebrated prototype. We shall recur to it at a convenient opportunity, for the purpose of pointing out, more specifically, some of its domestic uses; in the interim, we conscientiously recommend Dr. Graham's Treatise to the public, and feel much pleasure in the certainty that the author's wish to render his work 'extensively useful,' will be fully gratified.

*The Minstrel's Tale, and other Poems.* By GEORGE MOORE. 12mo. pp. 149. 1826. Devonport, Williams; London, Longman.

Men of very inferior minds may occasionally produce smooth and pleasing verses; and if judged by their efforts in this way, may, not unfrequently, pass for persons of talent; but when these individuals are betrayed into that most excellent and infallible test of intellectual ability, a *page of prose*, we immediately discover of 'what stuff they are made.' Rhyme is often a great impostor; and with her jingle, her figures, and her fancies, now and then contrives to run away with our critical judgment, and cheat us out of our common sense altogether. It is not impossible that this would have been the case with The Minstrel's Tale, and the poems which follow it, if it were not, (unfortunately for Mr. George Moore,) a habit with us to read prefaces, in order to arrive at the intentions of authors; and also, in some measure, to judge of their capabilities. With this view, we turned to the prefatory remarks of Mr. Geo. Moore, and made the following very novel and interesting discoveries:—

1st. 'The operations of the human mind are ever worthy our study, for by the various connections of being, we are interested in whatever develops the character, or influ-

\* See No. 377 of *The Literary Chronicle*.

ences the heart. By the expression of others' feelings, we are enabled to form a judgment of our own; and whatever awakens a sympathy within us must tend to invigorate the intellectual faculties, and expand the sphere of our existence; blending soul with soul into one undivided being, having gratifications ever equal to the growing grasp of its conceptions.'

We are excessively sorry that, in consequence of not having had any sympathy awakened within us, by The Minstrel's Tale, we, at least, are shut out from all chance of becoming part of that singular anomaly in creation, which, according to Mr. George Moore, having 'blended soul with soul into one undivided being,' is to have 'gratifications ever equal to the growing grasp of its conceptions!' Proceed we to discovery the second:—

2nd. 'Education is but sympathy—a sense of others feelings and ideas, stimulating the dormant susceptibilities of our hearts and minds; and begetting, not merely, imitation, but a similarity of sentiment, by which we really become new and improved creatures, provided the innate tendencies be properly directed.'

The sublimity of this passage cannot be rendered more apparent by any remark of ours.

3rd. 'The author, therefore (!!!)' (having provided us with new theories of mind, sympathy, and education,) 'places his reputation, with perfect confidence, in the power of those who can perceive the purity of his intentions, and although there are critics who will rejoice to mangle the first production of early aspirations, the injury will be forgotten in the heart-hid satisfaction of pleasing one who reverences virtue, and is not out of love with nature and benevolence.'

4th. The author asks for no mercy on account of his youth, which we think very injudicious; as nothing but the inexperience of boyhood could be a sufficient apology for such a preface as this.

5th. 'The partial generosity of valued friends induced him to publish,' for which generosity he promises to be ever grateful. This promise, however, must be understood conditionally; he means, we trust, that he will remain grateful till he becomes wise.

6th. 'Poetry must reveal its own meaning—but, as this work may fall into the hands of individuals who cannot perceive meaning where they feel no interest, it may be observed that the principal object of the leading poem was to prove the impropriety of allowing morbid sensibility to tyrannize over manly sentiments, while robbing the heart of rest, and the mind of reason.'

We felt no interest, and, therefore, (according to the logic of the writer,) could find no meaning in The Minstrel's Tale, not even when aided by his prose explanation. We are not of those who 'rejoice to mangle the first production of early aspirations,' and though we could not forbear a laugh at this really unique preface, we must do Mr. G. Moore the justice to acknowledge, that he can write very harmonious verse; not abounding, certainly, with much thought or power, and, as certainly, not promising any-

thing hereafter which shall be superior to his present effort. We extract a description of night:—

'How beautiful is night!—  
When from some romantic height,  
While quiet lulls the world asleep,  
To view the moon ascend the steep,  
And as her rays serene from clouds emerge,  
A line of lustre, o'er the slumb'ring deep,  
Reach, like a gold-paved path, to heaven's veige,  
When stars appear in beauty bright,  
And earth assumes a shadowy light,  
And solemn stillness holds the air,  
Save the slight murmur of a rill,  
In distance dashing down a hill;—  
Oh then how beautiful is night!—  
'Tis then that Fancy takes her flight,  
And, rapt in visions, drowns the soul in bliss.

*Liesli, a Swiss Tale.* By H. CLAUREN, translated from the German by J. D. HAAS. 12mo. pp. 144. London, 1826. Whittaker.

H. CLAUREN—or rather Carl Heun, for the other name is only a literary alias—is a German novelist of some celebrity among his own countrymen, although hitherto, we believe, unknown to the English reader, to whom, the present tale will introduce him, so favourably that he will probably desire to form a further acquaintance with him. This romantic little love-tale is pleasingly narrated; Baron Hermann von ——, who tells the story in his own person, accidentally meets with the orphan, Liesli, while wandering among the romantic and sublime environs of Schwytz, and suddenly conceives an ardent passion for the lovely and innocent peasant girl. The following evening he finds her seated on the steps of a chapel:—

"What are you doing here?" I inquired, in a friendly tone, of the beauteous maiden; to which she modestly replied, "she was waiting for the hermit."—Yes, 'twas her indeed; the two words which she had pronounced the evening before seemed again to thrill through my soul, at the delicious sound of her voice. I had seen the most celebrated picture galleries of Europe; I had admired the Madonnas of Raphael and Guido; but amongst the whole of these collections my eyes had never beheld a head so angelically beautiful as that which now presented itself

to my gaze; how poor, how weak, how incompetent are the efforts of the greatest painters to embody an image of so much perfection!—such skill is reserved for the Creator alone. That regular oval form, the mild lustre which shone so sweetly in her soft sloe-black eyes, half hid by their long lashes; that pure innocence of soul which beamed from them; that smile of love upon her rosy cheeks, those ruby lips, that row of teeth vying with ivory itself; no—never could the hand of the painter produce or pourtray so many charms. I was motionless with surprise, and gazed upon the beauteous being with silent wonder and admiration; such blooming firmness of tint was never attained by the vulgar Flemish school; that colouring was not Italian, which too often marks, with gaudy daubs, faces to which the Almighty alone by his creating breath can breathe the soft carnation hues of life and youth.

'She appeared at most to be sixteen, and yet what fulness displayed in that bosom, what grace in that neck, how beautifully rounded that arm; indeed, the whole of the enchanting figure was so perfect, and so finely formed, from the silken flowing hair, to the small and pretty foot, that I inwardly determined, should many such beings bestow their visits upon the hermit, to turn anchorite myself.

'The young and beautiful creature was seated at the foot of the steps leading to the chapel, employed in culling the flowers from some herbs in her lap, and placing them in a basket at her feet.

'I sat down next the basket, under the pretence of examining the flowers, and awaiting the arrival of the hermit.

'I had once seen in the collection of the Messrs. Boisserée in Heidelberg, a German altar-piece, where the principal figure was a Madonna, whose beautiful countenance made an indelible impression upon me. The painting was upon a ground of gold, and in the celestial countenance of the holy virgin there was mingled so much of earthly beauty, as made it difficult to decide whether it belonged to this world or to heaven; it seemed to me as if the sweetly animated countenance beside me had served as a model for the painter, so much did the Madonna resemble her; and, as if to complete the illusion, the golden ground of the painting seemed now represented by the horizon behind the Rigi, which, gilded by the setting sun, appeared like a burning altar of the Most High.

'The sweet maiden must indeed have imagined I had lost all power of speech, for since my first question, and my assurance of having also to wait for the hermit, not a sound had escaped my lips, so lost had I been in contemplating the magic charms of this lovely creature. Even nature was dumb, and appeared also to have shared in the general expression of silent awe and admiration, at the scene of celestial splendour and magnificence around us; the deepest silence reigned all over the forest; the air and leaves were motionless.

'He who speaks much, feels little; I was intoxicated with feelings of the most rapturous joy and delight.

'At length I awoke from my trance, and inquired how long it was since her mother was laid under the flowers which she yesterday sprinkled with holy water.

'It was one year, yesterday,' she softly and seriously replied, as from her virgin bosom heaved a painful sigh; her eyes, filled with tears, seemed to rest upon the ocean of fire in the west, as if to express, that, with her mother, the sun which had illumined her life had descended into the darkness and obscurity of night, like the sun of creation now vanishing from our view.

'Have you no father left?' I asked, deeply affected by this expressive and silent look of sorrow and melancholy.

'She shook her lovely head, bent it still lower upon her work, and after a pause, answered,

'My father died when I was a child.'

"And have you no relations, no friends?"

"Yes, in Schoenewerth, in the canton of Solothurn; you may perhaps be acquainted there with the charitable foundation of St. Clara-Werra, there I have an uncle; I wrote to him lately, and to-day I have received his answer; it is for the purpose of confiding it to the hermit and receiving his advice that I am here, and yet he is not come."

"What says your uncle?"

"He himself is unfortunate," she replied, forgetting her own unhappy state. "he has many children, and no bread to give them." Sighing again she held her hand before her eyes, as if beholding before her some yawning precipice that turned her giddy.

Thus, without intending it, she had made me acquainted with her condition.

"What will you do then?" I inquired anxiously?

"I know not," she said, with emotion, whilst she struggled to restrain her falling tears; "the good hermit would have told me; but he is not here."

"He would have told you," I replied, "that you should pray to God, and put your trust in him."

"Ah! dear sir, that is what I daily do; and I trust that he will grant my prayer; hitherto I have lived upon what was left me by my mother, but that was little, for she was poor; now that is gone, and I am left destitute. I have no one who can assist me; but my God will not leave me to perish miserably. I must leave this place, though I know not where to turn my steps in this wide world."

"And what are you able to do?" I enquired, as I looked at her delicate little hand, the lilly whiteness of which could not be matched by any courtly dame.

"I know not myself, what I can do," she replied, smiling abashed, and looking downwards half-ashamed. "It is but very little; others, however, gain their living, who know not much more, and should I only once leave this place, no doubt I may find a chance of procuring some situation where I may faithfully employ my services. I have nothing but the ashes of my dearly-beloved mother, which attach me here.—Two young girls of Schwytz left this place some time since, for Vienna and Berlin, and are happy and well situated there; why may I not also meet with the same good fortune?"

I gazed upon the lovely girl with silent wonder; her infantine simplicity formed a singular contrast with the firmness of character she displayed in her determination of venturing into the wide world. During our conversation she had not once dared to turn her eyes towards me; she continued to gaze upon the crimson sky of evening beneath us, and appeared totally unconscious and unembarrassed at her situation, thus in confidential conversation with a stranger in the dusk of the evening, and in the middle of a lonely forest; neither did she seem to entertain the slightest curiosity to know who I was.

She now rose, and shaking from her lap the stems which she had picked off the herbs, took the basket containing the flowers, for

the purpose, as she said, of placing it at the door of the hermit's cell. She had culled and prepared these herbs in order to employ the time while waiting for the poor recluse, who it appears, formed them into wreaths, and gave them away in exchange for provisions in the town. She advanced towards the hut with an air, as if she had studied under the Graces themselves.

These meetings are suddenly interrupted; Liesli disappears, and the mystery of her departure is known only to the old hermit, her paternal friend, who refuses to satisfy Hermann's impatience until after the expiration of a twelvemonth. The Baron quits Switzerland with the full determination of returning thither after the elapsed period; from doing this, however, he is prevented, having in the interim received an appointment at St. Petersburg. Thither, however, reluctantly he proceeds, and there he again finds Liesli, not as a poor peasant girl, but as the heiress of Count Barzikoff, yet, excepting in outward circumstances, the same,—as ingenuous and as affectionate as amidst the retired solitudes of Switzerland. It is unnecessary to say that the lovers are now united, and that the events connected with Liesli's birth, and her sudden departure from Schwytz, are explained. Such is the outline of this simple but not uninteresting tale, which is certainly of a very different—certainly not less agreeable—description from those horrible or fantastic narratives usually transplanted from the soil of German literature.

*A Summary Account of the Steam-Boats for Lord Cochrane's Expedition, with some few Words upon the Two Frigates ordered at New York for the Service of Greece. By COUNT ALERINO PALMA. 8vo. pp. 36. London, 1826. Effingham Wilson.*

A CONSIDERABLE sensation has arisen in the public mind, on account of the detention, through incompetency of machinery, of the steam vessels purposely built for Lord Cochrane's Grecian expedition. We know not on whom decidedly to lay the blame, but we sincerely lament these delays, as likely to be of most fatal injury to the interests of Greece. Count Palma has, in a succinct manner, written a narrative, by which he proves that Messrs. Ellice, Hobhouse, Burdett, and Ricardo, had the whole of the management of this outfit in their hands; that even the deputies from Greece, Orlando and Luriotti, were deprived of all direct intercourse with this affair, looked coldly on when viewing the progress of the work, and that Mr. Gallaway's machines not only had their defects attributable to carelessness of workmanship, but to a desire of serving the Pacha of Egypt, in whose service Mr. G. has a son. In candour we are bound to observe, that we deem the committee ought most assuredly to have employed either a more careful or competent person, nor allowed any individual to have so repeatedly amused them by excuses which, though trifling to a tradesman, were deadly for poor Greece. Surely some hopeless fatality attaches itself to this land, when even the honourable of England's sons, said to be enthusiastic in her cause, err, if not through

design, at least by carelessness or ignorance.

We have no doubt, much of what Count Palma asserts is founded on fact, but we must allow something for the excitation of mind under which his pamphlet is evidently written, and in addition to this there have appeared, in the morning prints, several communications from the parties concerned, in which he is charged with gross misrepresentation. On these matters we can say nothing, but leave the truth between God and their consciences. Lord Cochrane was, for his share of remuneration, to receive from the funds set apart for this armament £37,000. Waiting anxiously at Brussels, for the equipment of the steam vessels, his desire of executing his noble resolution was so great, that, in a conversation with Count Palma on this subject, he asserted, that if want of money was the cause of their detention, he would write to Sir Francis Burdett, and desire him to take the necessary sum out of his share. Such conduct proves at once the sincerity of this great man, and is more than a tacit censure on the conduct of the committee. The author thus expresses himself on the subject of the two frigates ordered to be built in America:—

"I will confine myself to a few words on the two frigates that the deputies were to get in America, as the system of neutrality adopted in Europe did not allow them to be got here. The Greek government had ordered its deputies here to provide them with *eight frigates of fifteen guns on each side*, (such are the expressions of the second article of the instructions of the 12th August, 1824.) hardly had the loan with Messrs. Ricardo been contracted, than some Phihellenes of great importance, and that it was absolutely necessary to keep on good terms with, completely beset the deputies to send General Charles Lallemand to New York, charged with this important affair: doubtless it would have been rather the business of a tradesman's clerk, who would have been satisfied with much less than £120 per month, and who would have much better understood and executed his commission than a cavalry general, an aid-de-camp of Napoleon, and consequently accustomed to grand undertakings: but they advanced, that nobody could be better suited to the undertaking, on account of having been in America when the celebrated Champ d'Asyle was to be formed, which was only a means for certain persons, who had the direction of it, of appropriating a large sum of money to their own purposes at the expense of the *liberals* of Europe. Another great reason adduced by these gentlemen was his personal acquaintance with General Lafayette, who was at that time in America, with whom he might do a great deal for Greece. The deputies yielded to the entreaties of these gentlemen, as they were obliged by their circumstances generally to do. Besides, what pride for the Greek deputation in London, and particularly for Luriotti, who had been charged with the diplomatic affairs with America, as Orlando was for those in London, to have for an agent such a man! Instructions were drawn up,

either by him or according to his wishes, on the part of the deputies: in these instructions were placed two first-rate frigates, instead of simply saying, two frigates similar to those ordered in the second article of the instructions of the Greek government, as it ought to have been. Care was taken, however, to stipulate all that was necessary to give the general a pleasant and happy voyage from New York to Greece, to take the command of, I do not exactly know what corps of cavalry, of what army might suit him. He left London in March 1825, for New York; he was recommended to the two houses there of Roy Bayard and Howland, as Mr. Howland was the president of the committee established in favour of the Greeks, and which had already sent so much pecuniary assistance to Greece. A number of persons thought the deputies could not do better: General Lallemand was to be a second Napoleon, to do every thing, and make every thing succeed in America, to save and firmly establish Greece! When once the general arrived at New York, with the instructions both of the Greek government and the deputies here, he found it would be better to have them built under his own directions, and by workmen under his own orders, than to buy them ready built, to assist Greece without further delay: all his letters to the deputies always talk of the greatest economy, and of the urgent necessity of sending these frigates to Greece. He found also, that it would be much better to have them of 2500 tons, of sixty-four guns each, than to have them of the rate ordered by the Greek government, (which were the basis of the power of both the deputies and himself,) or at least of the rate corresponding to the latitude left them by the expression *frigates of the first rate*, which were to have been of 1500 tons, and of from forty-four to fifty guns each, according to the statement that the already-mentioned houses sent to the deputies, with their letters of the 7th of December, 1825; and in fine, instead of 50 or £60,000 that had been calculated upon as the expense to be incurred by the deputies and himself before his departure, he found it would be more economical to go to the expense of £205,000. It was only, however, at the end of the year 1825, that he took care to give advice of so enormous an expense to the deputies, to whom both he and the above-mentioned houses gilded the pill, by adding that they were the finest and largest frigates in the two worlds. The deputies were without money at that moment, and had already paid £155,000 by cheques for these frigates, and had no hopes of getting the sum of £10,000 that the general demanded, as he said, to be able to send off these frigates, and without which sum neither of them could be sent to Greece. I saw, at the time of all this correspondence, enough to be able to give such an idea: the Deputies Orlando and Luriotti saw themselves obliged to send to New York, Mr. Contostavlo, who left here in March last. The correspondence of the latter tends to prove, that there never was an affair so badly conducted: but as General Lallemand has lately written to a distinguished person in England, that he will send him the

pamphlet he has published for his justification, I must suspend and ought to suspend my judgment, in respect to this business altogether. Doubtless this pamphlet will be most interesting, and I shall read it with pleasure: but what is certain also is, that Greece will have one of the two frigates, thanks to the favour shown the Greeks by the government of the United States, in their purchasing the other to disencumber the affair; and that this frigate, which was already to have sailed for Greece, will only cost, all included, the trifle of £156,400, thanks to economy. It must be confessed, that a cruel fate pursues Greece in both hemispheres, and by or among those who interest themselves, or who declare they are most interested in her triumph.'

Count Palma's work has, besides the merit of being perspicuously written, this advantage—that the affairs of Greece will, in consequence, be now more perfectly understood, and the eyes of the world fixed on those individuals, who are placed for her in responsible situations. We have no doubt the publication of this summary account will have an excellent and salutary effect.

DEATH'S DOINGS, BY DAGLEY.  
(Second Notice.)

OUR opinion of the merits of this excellent and amusing volume, is more than illustrated by its popularity. The copy from which we extracted being an imperfect one, our notice was rather premature,—this week we find a solution to many of the initials which were appended to the communications, and we have discovered that S. M. whose Death in the Ring, claimed our unqualified admiration is Mr. Samuel Maunder, with whose fame as a comic writer, we were previously not unacquainted. Nor is the excellence of Mr. M. confined to subjects requiring ready wit, and felicitous expression as the subsequent beautiful stanzas, reflecting equal credit on his head and heart, adequately prove:—

TO THE MEMORY OF MY INFANT NIECE, E. B.  
[OB. FEB 6, 1826.—ÆT. 2.]

‘ For ever gone?—sweet bud of spring!  
Yes;—from its parent stem 'tis riven!  
Scarce had it drank the morning dew,  
Or oped its petals to our view,  
Ere destin'd 'twas, aside to fling  
Its earthly form, and bloom in Heaven!  
‘ Yes—thou art gone!—nor pray'st nor sighs  
Can aught avail!—'twas Death who sought  
thee!  
Those cherub smiles, that lisping tongue,  
Those arms which round thy mother clung,  
Had mark'd thee for the tyrant's prize,—  
And in his cold embrace he's caught thee!  
‘ How oft, when lulling thee to sleep,  
I've seen thy mother fondly press thee!  
How often, kiss away thy tears,  
And hush thy cries, and calm thy fears,—  
And when thou still wouldst sob and weep,  
With what affection she'd caress thee!  
‘ For as she watch'd thy opening bloom,  
Predicting future days of pleasure,  
She little thought misfortune's blight  
So soon would wither her delight;—  
She dreamt not that an early tomb  
Would close upon her infant treasure! ’

‘ Great were her hopes!—yet, doubtless, fears  
With all her cheering hopes were blended;  
For, haply, none like parents feel  
The hopes and fears they'd fain conceal,—  
Increasing with increasing years,  
Till life and all its cares are ended.

‘ Yet, who could view thy dimpled cheek,  
And look for aught but years of gladness?—  
Or see thy laughing dark-blue eye,  
And think that sorrow was so nigh?—  
Or hear thee first essay to speak,  
And then forebode this scene of sadness?

‘ But, ah! our prospects—oh, how vain!  
Our anxious cares—oh, how requited!  
A mother's love—a father's pride—  
How near to misery allied!  
Their joy, how soon exchanged for pain!  
Their every hope, how quickly blighted!

‘ And is it weakness, then, to mourn,  
When thus our dearest hopes are thwarted?  
When in the arms of icy Death  
A spotless babe resigns its breath!  
To see it from its kindred torn!  
A mother from her infant parted!

‘ Oh, no!—it weakness ne'er can be,  
When woe-begone, to show our feeling!  
To shed the sympathetic tear  
In mournful silence o'er the bier  
Of one so lov'd in infancy!—  
Such grief, alas, there's no concealing!

‘ But since the fatal die is cast,  
And unavailing, now, is sorrow,—  
O grant, kind Heav'n! that future joy  
And bliss serene, without alloy,  
Exchanged may be for troubles past,  
And skies unclouded gild the morrow! ’ S. M.  
These plaintive verses are attached to the plate of The Mother.

The following essay on Alchymy is both entertaining and instructive, it is written by Mr. G. Field:—

‘ ALCHYMY.

‘ To solemnize this day, the glorious sun  
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,  
Turning with splendour of his precious eye  
The meagre cloudy earth to glitt'ring gold.’

SHAKSPEARE.

‘ [An explosion within]  
‘ Subtle God, and all saints, be good to  
us! What's that?  
Face O, sir, we are defeated! All the works  
Are flown in *fumo*: ev'ry glass is burst—  
Furnace and all, rent down!—As if a bolt  
Had thunder'd thro' the house.  
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt heads,  
All struck in shivers! [Subtle falls down.]  
Help good sir! Alas,  
Coldness and Death invade him

BEN JONSON'S ALCYMIST.

‘ Alchymy, the pretended art of prolonging life by a panacea, of transmuting the baser metals into gold and other wonders, affects also the highest antiquity; it is, however, probably the fruit of ignorance, grafted upon the remains of ancient chymistry, about the time of the revival of learning in Europe. Its evil was in giving birth to some of those bubbles by which knavery is ever preying upon folly and avidity: its good has been the fortuitous discoveries to which we owe the progress of medicine, chymistry, and the arts—a Lavoisier, a Cavendish, and a Davy!

‘ If still there is any one who aims at the *alchamist*, universal solvent, or elixir of life,—

if he would obtain the *philosopher's stone* which transmutes the metals, or if he would discover the elements of matter, let him not apply to Sir Humphrey for his electro-chemical apparatus which severed the alkalis,—nor seek, with safety in the midst of danger, the explosive mines of the earth by the light of his *Davy*,—nor tempt the ocean in search of these wonders sheathed and shielded by his *Protectors*:—let him not trouble himself with the *salt, sulphur, and mercury* of the *Adepti*. Above all, let him not seek the aid of *Aureolus Philippus Paracelsus Theophrastus Bombastus de Hoenheim*, for they will all equally fail him; while there is one so rich and knowing in hermetic art, that the elements, the philosopher's stone, and the alkaliest, are all at his finger's ends,—one (the sole hope of the alchymist) who can analyze all, transmute all, and dissolve all!—The greatest of chymists!—the *Davy of Davys!*

#### OLD DAVY!!

Accordingly, in the design before us, the artist has introduced the alchymist at his furnace, anxiously watching his crucible, while the *elixir of life* is running out, and *Death*, unperceived, is blowing the coals, holding in his hand the *powder of projection* which is about to consummate by an explosion the deluded alchymist and his vain endeavours.

But who, let us seriously inquire, and what, is this all-potent alchymist, *Death*?

“Death is Life, and Life is Death,” said Euripides; and so said Plato, and so said the Eastern Sages. If then death be life, as the wise and virtuous of all ages have believed, the question recurs, what is life?

“Life, says the beauty, is admiration and gay attire; it is dice and dash, says the spendthrift; it is gain, says the merchant and miser; it is power, says the prince. Yet the alchymist looks for it in an elixir. But Death dethrones the prince,—breaks the merchant and miser,—outdashes the spendthrift and the belle, and spills the elixir of life.

“Life is action, says the cricketer; it is a feast, says the glutton; it is a bubble, says the philosopher; but death bursts the philosopher's bubble, gormandizes the glutton, and bowls out the cricketer.

“It is fees, says the physician; it is judgment and execution, says the judge; it is all vanity, says the person: but death humbles the person's vanity, executes the judge and his judgments, and takes fee of the physician and his patients too!

“Thou art then a very Proteus, Death, at once a miser, a merchant, and a prince; thou art a game, a glutton, and a bubble; thou art justice to the injured, a physician to the sick, and a humbler of vanity; thou art master of the ceremonies of life, sporting with it in every form, and we have sported with thee!

“Thus, view them however we may, life and death are endless paradoxes; the love of the one, and the fear of the other, are unquestionably imprinted in our nature for wise purposes—they gain and lose strength,—they rise and fall—and in all their movements they *dance together*.

“That these passions, however useful and necessary, relatively to our natural state, are

equally vain and fallacious in an absolute and moral sense, has long been admitted by the philosopher; and that they may be so to common sense, we have only to consider that it is as natural to die as to be born—that death and life are merely figurative of the two general relations, being and cessation; and that death, in particular, the grim king of terrors, is only a personification—the Pluto of the poets—an animated skeleton, or *anatomie vivante* of the imagination; so that, as we cannot paint white without black, we cannot represent death without life.

If however these passions are ever so vain and illusive, their effects are no less actual and certain, and of difficult mastery: it eminently deserves our concern, therefore, that we should so cultivate and control them, that we may continue life with enjoyment, and quit it without regret; and since it is a fact, that man loves and desires only *good*, and fears only *ill*,—so long as life is good he loves it, and when it becomes an evil he loathes it. The sum of our aim then is, that as evil is but the consequence of ill action, and we dread not death nor desire life for themselves, we have only to act well, that we may live without fear, and die without despair.

These impressions are accordingly strongest in early life, and, when our course is right, they appear to decline as we advance, and to become ultimately feeble and extinct; so that by degrees, beautifully suited to a virtuous progress, heaven disengages us altogether from the love of life and the fear of death.

Having disposed of the great transmuter and his elder children, let us turn our eye, ere we close, to the more recent offspring of the Plutonic family, many of whom are no less worthy of celebrity than their elder brethren, and of whom, particularly deserving of record, are *Goldman*, formerly of the king's mews,—*Peter Woulfe*, of Barnard's Inn, and the renowned *Sigismund Bæstrom*, (with whose prefixes and affixes we are not acquainted, but) whose father was (as he averred) physician to Frederic the Great. There are yet living those who mourn the memory of Bæstrom, who, alas! having consumed all the gold he could lay his hands on in search of the philosopher's stone,—finished his *projection* a debtor in the King's Bench.

As to —————, he *consumed* his *coals* at an apartment in the Mews, which he enjoyed through royal bounty, and where, deeply engaged one night amid his retorts and athanors by the glimmer of a small lamp, a luckless wight of a chimney-sweeper, or as some say a stoaker, crept in unperceived, and peeped over the old man's shoulder, who, happening to turn round, and seeing, as he imagined, the devil at his elbow, became so alarmed, that he never recovered the shock, but died—and with him, perhaps, one of the last of the *Adepti*.

We say perhaps? For the ashes of Alchymy are still hot. That it should yet occupy ardent imaginations amid the gloom, poverty, and oppression of the forests of Germany, is not so astonishing, as that it should still have votaries in the metropolis of Britain, where the light shines upon the free, and so many easier ways of making gold are

known, and that there should be still found persons of reputed understanding who are willing to be *deluded by men, wretchedly poor, who profess the art of making gold!*

But imagination has ever been the tyrant of the mind, exciting enthusiasm, of which knavery takes advantage, and folly is the food it feeds on.

Mr. J. F. Pennie has contributed several poetical pieces which bear the marks of great genius. We consider that gentleman as much neglected by our contemporaries. His epic poems, although the taste for such species of composition has declined, are distinguished for a flowing and easy versification, pleasing, and in some instances sublime thought. The *Artist*, which we extract, would do honor to many names which trickery and a prejudiced world have raised much higher in fame, than his humble patronymic:—

#### THE ARTIST.

“And what is genius?—”Tis a ray of Heaven, Illuming dim mortality; a gleam That flashes on our gloominess by fits, Like summer lightnings, which, in radiant lines, Inwreath the midnight clouds with tints divine;

It gilds Imagination's darkest scenes

With splendid glory, like those meteor gems That spread their richness o'er the polar skies. O, 'tis a straggling sunbeam, through the storm, Flung on the cluster'd diamond, which reflects, In burning brilliancy, the borrow'd blaze: It is the morning light, outpouring all Its flood of splendour on the bloomy bowers Of God's own Paradise!

#### Though hapless oft

His fate, how bless'd the artist who beholds, With mind inspir'd and genius-brighten'd eye, Those beauties which eternally shine forth, Nature, in all thy works! To him, high wrapp'd In passion'd fancies, feelings so allied To something heavenly, that to all on earth They give their own rich tinting. What delight The morning landscape yields; when the young sun

Flings o'er the mountain his first bickering ray, And tips with wavering gold the embattled tower; When the first rosy gleam the waters catch, Like smiling babe just waking from soft sleep On its fond mother's bosom; while the woods, That ring with bird-notes sweet, are dimly wrapp'd

In mistiness and shade. What joy is his, Amid the forest depths to wander on, O'er flower-empurpled path, and list the tones Of the deep waterfall, at silent noon, Drowning the woodlark's song; and, then to view

Its angry flood, headlong from rock to rock, Leaping in thund'rous rush, with silvery arch, Melodiously sublime! while o'er its mists, That to the sun a mimic rainbow spread, The guardian oaks bend lovingly their arms, And drink the pearly moisture: in their shade The lily blossoms on its mossy bank, And through their boughs wildly the summer breeze,

An ever-wandering harper, sings unheard. And, oh! how sweet to him the sunset hour, When, high amid the evening's glowing pomps That light the west, the mountain lifts its head, A rich empurpled pillow for the God Of Day to rest on, as he, like a king In coronation splendour, gaily bids

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His worshippers farewell, ere he retires  
With ocean's potentates, his rosy wine  
To quaff amid their gem-wrought banquet  
bowers;

Then on the painter's ear the hymn of love  
Falls in full harmony;—the lake outspreads,  
With all a brother artist's beauteous skill,  
Another landscape to his ravish'd eye,  
Gorgeous with radiant colouring; deep the  
groves  
Are cast into the shade, where flocks and herds  
Are wandering homeward to the tinkling sound  
Of their own tuneful bells, and pastoral reed  
And song of milkmaid fill up every pause  
In nature's vesper anthem, while the spire  
And sun-gilt tower glow with the day's last  
beam.

To him what grand sublimity appears  
In the vast ocean, with its cloud-wreathed cliffs,  
Rocks, shores, and isles, and vessels wind-ca-  
ress'd,

Sheeted in glittering sunshine, or enwrapp'd  
In all the tempest's dark magnificence!  
And, oh! to him, how sweet, when copying all  
The coy bewitching charms of moonlight eve!  
Then the rich woods voluptuously their gold  
Fling loose t' th' wanton winds, whose amorous  
song

Is heard amid their inmost bowers, where rests  
The love-talking nightingale, discoursing sweet  
To her patroness, the radiant queen of Heaven.  
Then, bathed in dew, the full-blown roses fling  
Their odours all abroad, and jasmine flowers  
And rich carnation buds their honey-cups  
With nectar fill, and to the night-breeze yield,  
Like virgin bride, their richest treasur'd sweets;  
While flow the streams in silver, and the towers  
Of time-worn castles, and dismantled aisles,  
Of pillar'd abbeys, break and shadowy mass,  
With beamy outline, of the deep obscure.

'Tis not the soft and beautiful alone  
The youthful painter loves to imitate:  
The strife of arms is his—the battle-field,  
Where rings the stormy trumpet, is the scene  
Where oft he pants to win immortal fame;  
Great as the hero who, with spear-riven arms,  
Mows down with his red brand whole ranks of  
foes;

While chariot-wheels and war-steed's iron hoof  
Trample the dead and dying in the dust.  
Deeds, too, of holy history often fill  
His waking dreams, till his wide canvass glows  
With characters divine—with wond'rous acts,  
Miraculous, of Him who lived and died  
To save a guilty world.

But, oh! what toils.  
What studies, night and day,—what hopes,  
what prayers,  
What aspirations, what ecstatic thoughts,  
And wild imaginings of fancy bright,  
Are his, as up the weary steep he climbs  
To win renown,—to win the glory which  
Must only shine upon his early grave!  
Oh! he had hop'd to gain renown as great  
As that which to Italia's sons belong;  
To blend his name with Raffaele, Angelo,  
Parmegiano, Titian, and Vandyke;  
Hop'd that the radiant tints would all be his  
Of Rubens,—his that painter's grand effects,  
Combin'd with every excellence that graced  
Albano's sweetness and Correggio's taste.  
Alas! ill-fated artist, thy proud hopes  
Were, like the bard's, to disappointment doomed!  
Thy expectations all cut off—thyself  
Left in thy prime to wither, like the bud,—  
The flower-bud rich of promise, by the frost  
Cut off untimely! With thy beauteous tints  
Thy tears were mingled oft; the dart of Death  
At length, in pity, smote thy burden'd heart,

And gave thee freedom: dying, thou didst think,  
Painfully think, of what thou mightst have been;  
Had fortune on thy opening merit smil'd,—  
Then slept to wake in bliss!

And now mankind,  
In generous mockery, pay the tribute due  
To thy transcendent talents, and the grave  
That hides thy cold remains with laurels deck!

Our temptations to rifle still further this  
exquisite work of its sweets are very great,  
but necessity more than charity compels us  
to stop, although it is possible we may trespass  
again. Many articles which we leave un-  
noticed are excellent, not only in the way of  
illustration, but for vividness of mind and  
happy conception. In a word, the designs  
of the artist are worthy of forming themes,  
and the execution of those themes is admirably  
appropriate.

*A Word to the Members of the Mechanics' Institutes.* By R. BURNET. 8vo. pp. 153. Devonport, 1826. Johns.

'BURNET's Word!' exclaimed we, looking  
at the label on the back of this silk-covered  
volume\*; 'is this the bishop redivivus? some  
addenda to the History of his own Times?  
something hitherto concealed ament Sir Ever-  
ard Digby, the conspirator, or Warner,  
Bishop of Rochester, who is supposed  
to have carried off, with the papers of his  
friend, Archbishop Laud, (just before his  
impeachment,) the original Magna Charta†,  
signed by King John? is it concerning the  
shipwrecked registers of Scotland? or can  
it be a continuation of the celebrated article  
on the resurrection of Christ and pre-  
destination? Heaven knows whither our  
learned imaginations would have carried  
us, if we had not opened at the title-page,  
and discovered that we were introduced to a  
Burnet of *our* own times, whose Word is ad-  
dressed to the members of the Mechanics'  
Institutes. The author tells us that this vo-  
lume was 'written expressly to introduce  
one word'; and that, 'if in the bundle of  
heterogenous matter which he has collected  
and tied up, that word be found, and its in-  
fluence felt, it will gratify the vanity of a  
writer, who confesses that he is vain enough  
to aspire to the character of a useful member  
of society, and a friend to the institute.'

This exhibition of an honourable ambition  
led us through a mass of what Mr. Burnet  
has not inappropriately termed, 'hetero-  
geneous matter,' till just at the conclusion

\* The distress among the silk weavers of  
Spitalfields and elsewhere, has induced the be-  
nevolent author of this volume, to direct his  
binder to put *silk coverings* to the work, in the  
hope that the example may be generally fol-  
lowed. Upon this subject he observes, 'Eleg-  
antly as many of our books are bound, how  
much more so could they be made by the use  
of silk! What a variety of patterns might not  
the inventive powers of man produce both in  
damask and printed silks! Munificent as the  
donations are to that oppressed class of society,  
they dwindle into nothing when compared to  
the good that may be done by this measure.'

† Burnett tells us that this important docu-  
ment was found among Warner's papers by  
his son and executor, Colonel Lee, and by the  
same person given to him (the bishop.)—REV.

of the work we discovered *the Word* thus  
warmly and ably ushered in:—

'It behoves every one then to seize time  
by the forelock, look round for himself, and  
if he rightly apprehend and consider his own  
powers, he will discover that industry, aided  
by common prudence, will realize his best  
wishes. Nothing is wanted but to follow  
Jupiter's advice to the carter, "put your  
shoulder to the wheel;" and bear in mind  
the motto of the Devonport Mechanics' In-  
stitute; that heart-cheering word which has  
carried by storm towns, cities, and nations;  
that word which established the fame of Mo-  
ses, Cyrus, and Alexander; that word which  
won Nelson the battles of the Nile, Copenha-  
gen, and Trafalgar; that word which caused  
Newton, Franklin, and Priestley to be ranked  
among philosophers; that word which, when-  
ever repeated, may it come thrilling to the  
ear with the same welcome that it does to the  
heart-stricken being, whose next step is Hea-  
ven—

"FORWARD."

'Let it be the watch-word, or signal, to  
remind us that there is a grade in society  
above us, the attainment of which is easy by  
proper application.

'May the flash of this word on the me-  
mory be always the precursor of action in the  
soul, which shall bring down its aim, whether  
it be idleness, ignorance, or vice.

'Tis an old proverb among the Chinese,  
that they only have two eyes, the Europeans  
only one, and all the rest of the world are  
stark blind.

'Let us then reverse the egotism of this  
proverb. Let us consider ourselves as blind-  
ed by our own ignorance, and that some in  
the world see with one eye, whilst others  
have the perfect use of two.

'"Forward," then—"Forward" is the  
word to go forth to dispel the mists of dark-  
ness that intercept our vision.

'"Forward" is the way to that knowledge  
which depresses the film that causes the suf-  
fusion of sight, and finally couches the ca-  
taract.

'Let me recommend others, by the expe-  
rience of my own wants, to urge "forward;"  
above all, let them be the pioneers to the  
better fortunes of their sons, and of their ap-  
prentices.

'Every man ought to consider himself as  
running a race, he is justified in endeavour-  
ing to win, so that he does not use foul play;  
he must be convinced that what he gains  
others must lose; but let him remember,  
what he does not attempt others will†.

† Cæsar, in his *Commentaries*, brings for-  
ward an anecdote of Titus Pullio and L. Va-  
renus, two centurions, who were at continual  
debate who should be preferred one before the  
other; and every year contended for place or  
preferment with much strife and emulation.  
Being encamped with Cicero, when the Nervii  
besieged him, they advanced upon the enemy,  
who pressed so hard upon Pullio, that he would  
have lost his life had not Varenus come and  
rescued him. Afterwards, in a hasty step,  
Varenus fell down circumvented and in danger;  
Pullio not only rescued him, by slaying many  
of the enemy, but they both retired to the camp  
in safety and to their great honour.

'Clement Edmonds, in his *Observations on*

'Let us always recollect, that hundreds are daily trodden down by their own vices, for  
"One vice adds fuel to another's fire,  
And Bacchus makes their fury blaze the higher."

GREECH.

the situations of whom must be immediately filled up by those who have so far improved themselves as to be rendered eligible.

'Voltaire somewhere remarks, or in words to that effect, that all may be done in reason that a man undertakes—the great fault is in our having but half-wills; and adds, "if Peter the Great had not willed strongly, two thousand leagues of country would still be barbarous."

'Let us not then grumble at our lot, but will strongly to obtain more of the universal good.

'Let us not be deterred by this writer, or that speaker. Let us exert our own energies, and look up to none for assistance beyond what is given freely.

'Henry II. when he projected the conquest of Ireland, sent to Pope Adrian IV. for a bull to justify his conduct, which was granted on condition of his paying Peter-pence, or a yearly pension of one penny from every house. We have no occasion to obtain a bull to justify our attempts to improve ourselves or our sons—it is the indisputable right of all, high or low, rich or poor, and requires no Peter-pence, but that for which value is received in return.'

Above one hundred and twenty pages of desultory composition, historical and fabulous, mechanical, philosophical, and poetical, are employed as introductory to the passage just quoted; and certainly we never waded through an equal quantity of writing, with more pleasure, or with a more real sense of occasional instruction and invariable amusement. We have Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Raleigh, Count Rumford and Thomas a Becket, Anson, Cook, Queen Elizabeth, and the Protector. Chimneys, fire-sides, glass windows, church-bells, and skewers, a silk stocking, (in which the queen just mentioned exhibited her fine ankle to her amazed courtiers,) steam engines, gas, and watering places, *cum multis aliis*, jumbled together, and placed before us in a state of most 'admired disorder.' From this *concordia discors* we select Mr. Burnet's description of fashion, to whom it appears we are more deeply indebted than some of us, in our ingratitude or ignorance, are apt to imagine:—

'The fear of excess of manufactures, or the dread of over-production of any kind, by means of machinery, is groundless. Mr. Spring Rice triumphantly refuted that doctrine lately, in a speech made to the Mechanics' Institute in Ireland; and any one may

this anecdote says, "For these Simultates, which desire of honour had cast between them, brought such emulation, which is the spur of virtue, far from enmity or hateful contention; for the difference is, that enmity hunteth after destruction, and only rejoiceth in that which bringeth to our adversary utter ruin, dishonour, or achievement; but emulation contendeth, only by well deserving to gain the advantage of another man's fame, that useth the same means to attain the like end."

find arguments to go much greater lengths than he did, if it were necessary—for fashion, that all-powerful deity, has such an influence over the mind that its demands are endless.

'Fashion is the operose inventor and great friend to society. Fashion is the employer of millions, and the comforter of all. Fashion answers the prayers and addresses of old and young, who daily ask for bread, and removes the fear of over-production.

'A writer in the Monthly says, "The power of fashion extends from the Zenith to the Nadir, from pole to pole. There are fashions in mouse-traps, and law, and shoemaking, and physic, and furniture, and religion, and painting, and architecture, and cookery, and morals, and drinking, and preaching, and swearing, and fighting, and education, and fortification, and navigation, and lamp-lighting, and tooth-drawing, and fish-sauce, and blacking, and politics, and even in love! and in commerce, and beauty, and colonization, and in poetry, and oratory, and novel writing, and in balloons, and in Mr. Mathews, and the Diorama, and the Royal Society, and the elephant at Exeter Change, and in Exeter Change itself, and the Bazaar of Soho Square, and Soho Square itself, and Grosvenor Square, and Pall Mall, and in the Park, and in riding, and driving, and eating, and clubs, and Moulsey Hurst, and Eton, and Westminster, and cock-fighting, and duelling and joint-stock companies, and Cospetto! We must end somewhere, for there is no end."

'Temporary derangement of this or that portion of trade will and must take place; but capital, when not productive in one channel, is always diverted to another.

'Thus, some few years since, the fashion of wearing the almost useless articles of knee and shoe buckles gave employment to capital, and labour to thousands of hands. As soon as that fashion went out, the capital and labour were removed to some other ornament. Mandeville says, "I protest against popery as much as ever Luther and Calvin did, or Queen Elizabeth herself; but I believe, from my heart, that the Reformation has scarcely been more instrumental in rendering the kingdoms and states that have embraced it flourishing beyond other nations, than the silly and capricious invention of hooped and quilted petticoats; it has, from its beginning to this day, not employed so many hands, (honest, industrious, labouring hands,) as the abominable improvement on female luxury I named, has done in a few years."

'"Religion is one thing, trade is another."

'"He that gives most trouble to thousands of his neighbours, and invents the most operose manufactures, is, right or wrong, the greatest friend to society."

'Mr. Burnet has collected some very curious musical anecdotes, as illustrative of some theory of his own, which, we confess, his manner of developing does not render very intelligible to us; perhaps he will be more successful with our readers:—

'It might not be so abstruse a question as many metaphysical ones are, to inquire whe-

ther there be not a mundane music, the melody and harmony of which insensibly act upon man in his individual character, and, of course, unknown to his neighbours.

'If so, it would go far to account for the strange diversity of men's actions. It would soive the difficulties our reason encounters, when endeavouring to assign motives for the conduct of such men as Charles XII. and George Morland, of Aurungzebe and Daniel Dancer, of Nero and Bamfylde Moore Carew.

'The idea of a universal mundane music acting upon man, is taken from the accounts we have of the effects which music has had upon the passions and affections of many, and the force it has exerted on animate and inanimate bodies.

'We often hear of men who have a singing in the ears, but we know nothing of its music; others who, by touching the stop at their elbow, obtain a tune, but we hear it not; whilst a third party have a concert in the head, with time regularly beaten, but listen as long as we list, we cannot enjoy it.'

'The idea is further borne out by Rousseau, who says, "melody has two principles, one is confined to flattering the ear with agreeable sounds, the other is, that it is instinctive and unknown to the possessor."

'Mr. Leibnitz accounts for the union or communication between the soul and body by pre-established harmony. "When the soul desires to go to any place, the feet move mechanically that way. Now God put together the soul and body, which had such a correspondence antecedent to their union—such a pre-established harmony."

'"The volitions of the mind are followed instantly by the desired motions of the body; and the impressions produced in the sensory have no effect on the mind, but the corresponding idea arises at that precise time, in consequence of a chain of causes of a different kind; and therefore, all that men do or say is no more than the effect of exquisite machinery."

'It was the doctrine of Pythagoras that the soul itself was harmony; and therefore music made a considerable part of his discipline, in order to revive the primitive harmony of its faculties which pre-existed in Heaven.

'The powers ascribed to it by the ancients are almost miraculous: by means hereof diseases have been cured, unchaste ideas corrected, seditions quelled, passions raised and calmed, and even madness occasioned [and cured?]

'Dr. Nieuwentyt states, that an Italian could vary his music from brisk to solemn, and vice versa; he could move the soul so as to cause distraction and madness.

'Dr. South founded his poem, *Musica Incanta*, on a similar instance.

'Mr. Bayle mentions a Gascon knight who could not contain his urine at the playing of a bagpipe; and a woman, who burst into tears at the playing of certain tunes. He also adds, "seats will tremble at the sound of organs, and every well-built vault will answer to some determinate note."

'Kircher tells of large stones that would

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shake and tremble at the sound of a particular organ-pipe ; and Morhoff, of a Dutchman, who could break rummer-glasses with the tone of his voice.

Plato says there are sounds which excite meanness of the soul, insolence, and their contrary virtues ; and that no change can be made in music without affecting the constitution of the state.

The poisonous bite of the tarantula, the symptoms of which return annually for several years, is only to be cured by music. Kircherus mentions the case of a girl, who being bitten by this insect, could only be cured by the sound of a drum.

Harpers, pipers, and all sorts of musicians, are in request, during the hottest parts of the season, excite the persons who have been bitten to dance off the stupor and delirium occasioned by the poison.

Sir Thomas Brown, Baglivi, (a native of Apulia, the country where the tarantula is produced,) Valetta, (a monk,) the Hon. Mr. Boyle, and Dr. Mead, all believed this strange phenomenon of the tarantula's bite, and its cure by music ; whilst Dr. Serao, an Italian physician, exploded the opinion as a popular error.

The following is a description of the effects produced by music upon a woman :— “ When the musicians began she lolled stupidly upon a chair, whilst the instruments played some dull tune. They touched at length the chord supposed to vibrate to her heart, and up she sprang with a most hideous yell, staggered like a drunken person, holding a handkerchief in her hands, raising them alternately, and moving in true time. As the music grew brisker, her motions quickened, and she skipped about with vigour, every now and then shrieking very loud, until tired out with the exertion.”

We have given sufficient specimens of our author's singular style, and have allowed him to explain, in his own way, the praiseworthy object which he has in view. His rambling lucubrations are illustrated by six plates, (engraved by George Banks, F. L. S., to whom the book is dedicated,) which, in our opinion, are not far behind some of the most spirited efforts of Cruikshanks himself. The progress of a country-recruit, from his first initiation, to his *debut* in the battle field, is admirably conceived and executed ; nor are any of the other engravings deficient in comic expression and satiric power. In these dull times for booksellers and reviewers, we are gratified in being able to recommend this entertaining volume to our readers.

#### MALCOLM'S POLITICAL HISTORY OF INDIA. (Continue from p. 595.)

THE administration of Sir John Shore, who succeeded Cornwallis in 1793, was distinguished for diplomatic efforts rather than for any splendid military feat. When Sir John was placed at the head of affairs, it was expected by the authorities in England that all the great advantages obtained by the marquis would be confirmed and improved by the local knowledge, industry, and ability of his successor. The state of the Indian powers at this time certainly did not promise a long

exemption from hostilities, but the English had at no former period been so strong in actual force and resources. Their formidable enemy, Tippoo, was much reduced,—their allies were constant to their engagements,—and a state of comparative peace was earnestly desired and expected. Although Sir John engaged in no war, his government was marked by political events of great consequence, the most important of which was the rupture between the nizam and the Mahrattas. By this disarrangement, the British possessions were placed in considerable danger. From unwary proceedings, a combination of native powers might have been formed, sufficient, even in the high state of prosperity the company enjoyed, to have extirpated it at once ; and, on the other hand, by aiding one ally against the other, that character, and love of justice, for which the English were beginning to be famed, must necessarily have declined to the opposite extreme. These difficulties were, however, dissipated by one of those fortunate events which are often noted in the annals of history, and which appear an interposition of a higher power to prevent the impending peril. The sudden death of the young paishwah, (or chief of the Mahrattas,) Madhoo Row, and the rebellion of Ally Jah, eldest son of the nizam, for the present obviated the war between these states, and extricated the company from its dangerous dilemma.

It will, however, be worthy of remark, that during this period the nizam, to forward his views on the paishwah, had invited to his court of Hyderabad the various French officers and men who, from the taking of Pondicherry by the British forces, were without any regular employment or home. These, under their chief, Raymond, completely ruled him, and became obnoxiously formidable to the governor-general. Sir John Shore, however, did not adopt any coercive measures, but in 1798 sailed for England, and took his seat in the House of Peers, under the title of Lord Teignmouth. On the 26th of April in the above-mentioned year, Marquis Wellesley reached India—a nobleman (says our historian,) whose rank and talents enabled him to enter upon the great duties committed to his charge with every advantage. Our limits will not allow us succinctly to follow the course of history so plainly and skilfully planned by Sir John Malcolm ; but in dwelling on this most important administration, we shall be as elucidatory as possible. The subject possessing the most interest is the renewal of warfare with Tippoo, his ineffectual efforts, and his brave death. Implacable to the English, he left no means untried to effect their downfall. Even at the lowest ebb of power, when humbled by the arms he most hated, still his intrigues were unremitting, and marked with all the wary caution of a subtle mind. From the period of his defeat by Cornwallis to the government of Wellesley, he had incessantly aimed at increasing his power ; and when, as he thought, sufficiently able to effect his daring purposes, after a few preliminary evasions, he at once threw off the mask, and unveiled in an imposing manner his designs :—

“ It was not till the month of February,

1799, that the governor-general found himself compelled to abandon all hopes of effecting any amicable settlement. He then directed the British armies to advance against Tippoo ; empowering, however, the commander-in-chief, General Harris, to treat with him, if he showed a sincere desire for peace. The terms upon which this was to be concluded were, of course, to depend upon the stage of the war at which negotiations commenced ; but in the event of any decided victory, or of the batteries against his capital having been opened, the demands were to be extended to the cession of one half of his dominions, and the payment to the allies of two crore of rupees ; and he was to be required to give four of his sons, and four of his principal officers, as hostages for the faithful performance of these conditions.

The army under General Harris having been joined by that of the nizam, had entered the territories of Mysore on the 3d of March, without opposition. The sultaun, as soon as he saw the advanced state of the preparations of the allies, had hastened to attack the Bombay army under General Stuart, which was posted in the country of Coorg, and ready to co-operate in the reduction of his capital. Being repulsed in this attack with great loss, his next object was to obstruct the march of General Harris's army, which he met between Sultanpet and Malavelly on the 27th of March, where a partial action took place, which terminated in the sultaun's defeat, and instant retreat to Seringapatam ; and that fortress, a few days afterwards, was regularly invested by the combined armies of the British government and the nizam.

The sultaun, who had hitherto entered into no communication whatever with General Harris, addressed a short note to that officer on the 9th of April, in which he required to know the cause of the hostile advance of the British army. In answer to this demand, he was referred to the letters which he had before received from the governor-general ; which letters, he was told, were fully explanatory of the subject. The sultaun returned no reply till the 20th of April, when the operations of the siege were far advanced. He then addressed General Harris again, desiring that he would appoint a person to conduct a conference for the purpose of restoring peace. The general replied by sending a draft of the treaty which he had been instructed to conclude under such circumstances of advantage.

This communication was not acknowledged ; and the siege continued till the 4th of May, when the fort was taken by assault, Tippoo Sultaun slain, and the empire of the house of Hyder subverted.

Such was the termination of a war which, whether we consider the temper and wisdom that marked the negotiations by which it was preceded, the ability and courage with which it was prosecuted, or the important political consequences by which it was attended, will be found unparalleled in the annals of British India. In the short period of a few months, a rival power was destroyed ; which, from the first day of its existence to that of its dissolution, (a period of thirty-eight years,) .

might be said to have directed all its efforts against the English power in India.'

At this time the French, under Bonaparte, were invading Egypt. Among the papers of the slain sultan was the following letter, dated head quarters, at Cairo, the 7th of Pluviôse, and 7th year of the Republic:—

' You have already been informed of my arrival on the borders of the Red Sea, with an innumerable and invincible army, full of the desire of releasing and relieving you from the iron yoke of England.'

' I eagerly embrace this opportunity of testifying to you the desire I have of being informed by you, by the way of Muscat and Mocha, as to your political situation.'

' I could even wish you would send some intelligent person to Suez or Cairo, possessing your confidence, with whom I may confer. May the Almighty increase your power, and destroy your enemies! Your's, &c.'

' BONAPARTE.'

Nor was Tippoo the only powerful opponent the marquis had to contend with. After the death of the Paishwah of the Mahrattas, a relative—Dowlut Row Sindia, exercised a most imperative authority over his successor, and by the suggestions of a French faction, which had formed its cabals in Poonah, (the capital,) Sindia's former feeling of friendship towards the British was made subservient to measures of a hostile nature. We cannot particularize the proceedings against this chief; but ultimately his power, through the prompt and spirited course pursued by the governor-general, was completely broken, and an efficient and active enemy reduced to the state of a dependant on British generosity. Many minor details are likewise given, on subjects very interesting to the reader, but these, from necessity, we are compelled to pass over. The French force at the court of the nizam, which was so formidable when Sir John Shore left India, was the first measure which employed the marquis's attention, and by his vigorous agency was completely scattered and disbanded. Lord Wellesley left India on the 20th August, 1805, soon after Marquis Cornwallis, who had been appointed to succeed him, had reached Fort William:—

The great success which attended Lord Wellesley's administration of British India is, on a general view, calculated to excite astonishment: nor will that be dimished by a nearer contemplation of the manner in which he ruled the large empire committed to his charge. His great mind pervaded the whole; and a portion of his spirit was infused into every agent whom he employed: his authority was as fully recognised in the remotest parts of British India as in Fort William: all sought his praise; all dreaded his censure: his confidence in those he employed was unlimited; and they were urged to exertion by every motive that can stimulate a good or proud mind to action. He was as eager to applaud as he was reluctant to condemn those whom he believed conscientious in the discharge of their public duty. It was the habit of his mind to be slow in counsel, but rapid in action; and he expected the greatest efforts from those he employed in the execution of his measures, whom he always relieved from

every species of vexatious counteraction and delay that could arise from the untimely intrusion of official forms, or the unseasonable pretensions of inferior authorities. It was, indeed, with him a principle, to invest them with all the power they could require to effect the objects which they were instructed to attain; and though there can be no doubt of the great and extraordinary merit of the distinguished officers who commanded the British armies during his administration, it is to that liberal confidence which gave them all the impression of the fullest power, and the most complete scope for the exercise of their judgment, that their unparalleled success is chiefly to be ascribed.

' It could not be a matter of surprise to those acquainted with the clashing of opinions in England, with regard to the government of British India, to find that a strong and violent prejudice had been excited against Lord Wellesley; and that, by partial and distorted statements of his administration, numbers were for a moment led to conceive it had been as ruinous as it was in fact glorious. But truth soon prevailed; and that nobleman now enjoys, in the just admiration of his country, the highest reward that can attend eminent public service.'

In less than two months of his second administration, the Marquis Cornwallis died: his existence terminated at Gazeepore, near Benares, on the 5th of October, 1805:—

' Thus closed the life of this distinguished nobleman,\* whose memory will be revered as long as the sacred attributes of virtue and patriotism shall command the approbation of mankind. To a dignified simplicity of character he added a soundness of understanding and a strength of judgment, which admirably fitted him for the exercise of both civil and military power; and his first administration of the British empire in India must ever be a theme of just and unqualified applause. His second administration, in which he seemed to act upon a different system, was of so short a duration as to make it difficult to pronounce what would have been the results, had his life been prolonged. Thus far is certain, that the evil effects of those concessions which he seemed disposed to make would have been corrected by his great personal reputation; as every state in India was aware of his character, and of the spirit and promptness with which he had formerly asserted the honour and interests of the British government. But however questionable the policy of some of the last acts of this nobleman may be to many, or whatever may be their speculations upon the causes which produced such an apparent deviation from the high and unyield-

\* In the condition of his health, during the last month of his existence, it is hardly possible to conceive how he was able to transact any business of importance. He continued the greatest part of the morning in a state of weakness approaching to insensibility: towards evening he revived so much as to be dressed, to hear the despatches which had been received, to give instructions respecting such as were to be written; and it is stated, by those who attended him, that, even in this state, his mind retained much of its wonted vigour.'

ing spirit of his former administration, no man can doubt the exalted purity of the motive which led him to revisit that country. Loaded with years, as he was with honour, he desired that his life should terminate as it had commenced; and he died, as he had lived, in the active service of his country.'

Sir George Barlow, (a civil servant of the company,) by a provisional appointment succeeded to the head of affairs of British India. In his short rule several treaties were made with other states, but no military movement of any consequence took place. In the month of July, 1807, Lord Minto reached the east to assume the supreme power. From this period to 1813, when he arrived in England, the Indian states appeared to enjoy a peaceful existence. His administration, though void of brilliant actions, was yet a very useful one; and the sympathy of his admiring countrymen followed him to his grave, to which he was suddenly hurried a few weeks after he had landed on his native shore.

#### AN ANALYTICAL AND HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

(Continued from p. 614)

The origin and progress of popery, its usurpations, ambition, and hypocrisy, are unsparingly exposed; nor are the cunning, cruelty, and falsehood, which distinguished the crusades, treated with more scrupulosity or tenderness; but we pass over these and the valuable chapter devoted to Luther, and the origin of the reformation, in order to follow our author through his yet more important inquiry into that of the 'temporal power of the popes'; more important, at least to us, who mean to avail ourselves of some of the incidental descriptions and striking illustrations with which that portion of his work is ornamented. He gives a slight sketch of the dethronement of the imbecile Childebert III. and of the coronation of the usurper Pepin, which was planned by St. Boniface, and performed by Stephen III. in the monastery of St. Denis, with all the ceremonials which usually attend such exhibitions, and with a degree of zeal, on the part of the pope, not at all justified by the disgraceful origin of the transaction:—

Stephen himself, fearing lest his zealous officiousness in behalf of the usurper should be traced to its true source, laboured to persuade the world that it had been dictated to him by feelings of gratitude, for the signal services which the new king and his father had rendered to Christianity. Charles Martel had deserved, in truth, the gratitude of the church of Rome, for the splendid victories which he had at different times gained over the Saracens, who had successfully overrun Europe, and for a long time kept it in a state of abject bondage. Nor were less meritorious nor less shining the services which Pepin, who had now assumed the name of the champion of the church, had rendered the Roman see, by the repeated defeats and final overthrow of the power of Astolphus, King of the Lombards, who had kept Italy, and Rome especially, in a state of cruel slavery, and subjected the popes to the most abject humiliations. Nor did the gratitude of the new

king towards the chief of Rome confine itself to the recollection of past services: as, according to the testimony of ecclesiastical writers in the interests of Rome, having, in the years 754 and 755, gained two decisive battles over Astolphus, he compelled him to deliver up to the Roman see, the exarchate of Ravenna, Pentapolis, and all the castles of which he had possessed himself in the dukedom of Rome. I have dwelt rather too much on the usurpation by Pepin of the throne of France, for a twofold motive:—first, in order to show that the assumption of temporal power by the popes was an infraction of the covenant signed by St. Peter, and an utter deviation from the meaning of the gospel, as it originated in a criminal concession on the part of the chief of the church, to sanction usurpations; and did not flow from the same divine source from which Christianity derived its principles; and, secondly, because I wanted to prove, with reference to a more recent instance, that the court of Rome has always evinced a readiness to exchange its spiritual for temporal power, whenever opportunities offered, without paying any regard to decency or justice, and provided its right of disposing of thrones (that abominable jurisprudence, miscalled divine right,) were unequivocally asserted.'

That 'recent instance' is the coronation of Napoleon, by Pope Pius VII., which is thus mentioned, and gives rise to a clever, fair, and spirited sketch of the character of Napoleon:—

'We have witnessed an aged pontiff undergo the fatigues of a long journey, and anoint, with the same alleged sacred oil of St. Remis, an illustrious soldier, as bold in his conceptions as quick in the execution of his plans;—of a soldier, whose hard-earned laurels, far surpassing in splendour any badge of glory of all preceding ages, had been fostered by the hand of liberty: of that ungrateful citizen, who dared to load with fetters that beautiful France, which, for nearly thirty years, had emptied her veins, and had exhausted her bosom, in supporting the sanguinary glory of that perjured son of liberty, Napoleon Bonaparte.'

'It is not my design to stigmatize the memory of that truly extraordinary character, and join the crowd of his coward detractors, who, while he was alive, and in the zenith of his power, would not have dared to raise their eyes to contemplate the splendour of his diadem. But, as one of the many thousand individuals whose hearts, heated with the sacred fire of liberty, have sacrificed their fortunes, their happiness, and their health, on the altar of that bewitching goddess, I may be permitted to indulge in a few desultory remarks upon his unjustifiable desertion from the ranks of his true friends—the men of the Revolution. Since the glorious battle of Marengo, I became decidedly hostile to his policy: I appeal to my country, to my name, to my principles, for the veracity of my assertions. I admitted Napoleon the leader of the generous defenders of liberty; I hated Napoleon the usurper of the hard-earned rights of his own countrymen, and the founder of an imperial dynasty. My opinion,

therefore, cannot be distrusted. That he was one of the ablest generals that has ever appeared on the fields of Mars, not even his most inveterate enemies could undertake to disprove. That he was neither cruel nor revengeful, is attested by those restless conspirators, the emigrants, whose lives he incalculably spared, and who now, loaded with riches and dignities for a natural re-action of their principles, heap curses on the memory of their benefactor, in that sink of courtly corruption, the Tuilleries. That he was generous in rewarding public services, is proved by those deserters of all parties, the marshals, whom he drew from among the ranks of his armies, and who now exhibit themselves in the rear of a motley assemblage of monks and priests, with a torch instead of a sword in their hands. If he had been cruel, he would still be on the throne of France, as he would have exterminated those false counsellors whom he selected from the Fauxbourg St Germain, and by whose perfidious advices he was encouraged in his mad career of ambition and military despotism. If he had been cruel and revengeful, he would be like the tyrant of the Escorial—a king swimming in the blood of his people. But, while I acquit him from the charge of cruelty and revenge, I must accuse him of the most absolute despotism that ever disgraced the heart of a man; a despotism which, by the restoration of royalty and of the Catholic mummeries, by the restricted intercourse of knowledge, by the curtailed liberty of the press, and by the baneful military systems, has forced civilisation to retrace its steps two centuries back. Neither the mighty impulse which his genius gave to arts and sciences; nor the fresh life which he infused into the veins of industry; nor those stupendous monuments, which stand as sentinels at the temple of his glory, can extenuate his guilt, and compensate us for the loss of the bliss of our liberty.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'But howsoever oppressive Napoleon's despotism might have been, still it was an infirmity individually affecting his reign, which would have ceased with his life; when nations, to whom he had taught the secret of their own strength, and the art of turning it to their best advantage, would have recovered the plenitude of their rights, and supported their duration by the moral weapons which had been entrusted to them.'

'The map of Italy, carved out into so many small shares, had, by the iron hand of Napoleon, been nearly restored to that unity for which nature has intended her. He was a doctor, who, conscious of the disease of children, forces into their stomachs medicines which cause a momentary nausea to the palate, but which ultimately restore health to their whole frame. In addition to the baneful influence of spiritual and temporal tyranny, many other causes had conspired to mollify our souls, and strip our minds of the noble plumage of hardihood;—I mean poetry and music. The divine songster of love, Petrarch, had, by the enchanting melody of his lyre, softened our hearts into a sweet lethargy, which had left us no other life but the life of

love: and the unrivalled Metastasio, by translating into the most bewitching poetry that has ever been known, the most abject doctrines of monarchy and slavery, had made of the Italians a nation of dramatists and musicians, who praised their wretchedness in cadences. We wanted a despot, who, by the magic splendour of military glory, could force us from the ignominy of our effeminate life, and, like Achilles torn by the friendly hand of Ulysses from the side of Deidamia, re-establish us once more in the possession of our lost celebrity. All petty feuds of national rivalry had sunk into the unanimous desire of Italian independence. The embryo of our political existence was formed: our feelings were rapidly rallying into the nucleus of our future glory. We had an army, a navy, a flag. We had a code of laws, a king of Italy. The pope, the terror of our minds, had fled; and with him had disappeared those legions of devouring monks, who, like harpies, consumed the vigour of our intellects. —Alas! the spell is now broken: *redeum Austruca regna, et cum illis redit infamia nostra!* Italy is again divided among twelve despots, and her veins are continually being emptied by the hungry leeches of Vienna.'

Our author favours us with an interesting anecdote, proving that most of the legislative acts of Napoleon were rather intended for posterity than for the immediate benefit of the French nation,—a fact fully attested by the absence of sympathy which they exhibit for present circumstances:—

'At one of the sittings of the council of state, Napoleon proposed a certain measure, intimating that it should be ushered into the world by a decree. Threilhard having observed that it would be more regular if it originated with the senate, Napoleon, who, on such occasions, was docile and amiable, replied that it would be the same, as the senate had the authority of rejecting it within twelve days. The counsellor having by a smile intimated, that to apprehend a resistance on the part of the senate would be a mockery, Napoleon hastily replied, "I understand your meaning—the senate will not dare to contradict me: but my measures are framed for posterity—moi je passerai, et les institutions resteront." I had this anecdote from a celebrated character who was present.—I must not omit to transcribe here a most sensible distich, inscribed on a very rustic and old cottage on the Simplon, which eloquently eulogises Napoleon's glory—

"Hie Bonaparte viam proprio patefecit Olimpo."

'The resignation with which the mighty despot of Europe bore his torturing imprisonment in the island of St. Helena, gives his memory more claims to immortality than all his splendid achievements, both in the field and in the cabinet. There is more fortitude in supporting misfortunes, than in avoiding them by a voluntary death.'

Our author reiterates the opinion of many sages, that luxury, and the refinements of literature and science are unfriendly to the freedom of nations; and that the existence of the one is incompatible with the continuance of the other:—

'Egypt, Greece, and Rome, became the cradle of the arts and sciences, from the moment they lost their liberty: and Sesostris, Pericles, the Pisistratidæ, Augustus and the popes, were the creators of those wonders of art, which, after having successfully resisted the confederated power of the past, command now the admiration of the present age. The poetical genius of Horace and Virgil blazed forth in the court of Augustus; and Tasso's and Ariosto's unrivalled muse sung the praises of two petty Italian despots. France was indebted to those dissolute despots, the Capets, for the celebrity she acquired in many useful departments of industry; and Tuscany, *si magna licet componere parvis*, owes to the robbers of her liberty, the Medici, that supremacy in arts and sciences which has rendered her worthy of the appellation of the Attica of Italy. The patronage which despots grant to knowledge is like a talisman, which diverts the minds of their subjects from the main point of their criminal pursuits; it is like the money which a flying thief throws down to his pursuers. But, above all, the species of knowledge which finds shelter under the wings of royal favour, is not the same which rests on the eternal basis of truth and reason; and which, raising the embargo laid on our minds and on our hearts by superstition and ignorance, leaves our feelings open to the career of thought. Natural sciences, whose progress is ruled by the discipline of calculation, and restricted within the precincts of facts; poetry, which very seldom takes a delight in celebrating the virtuous poverty of Tubero and Fabricius, while it extols to the skies the magnificent liberality of Augustus and Mæcenas—are the spoiled children of princely affection: the first strip our mind of the spirit of adventure, and sober it down to the regimen of a monotonous existence; the other imparts to it the inebriety of enthusiasm, which deprives it of the support of reason. The test of the truth of my remarks may be found in the biography of those wretched despots Lewis XIV. and XV., and in the annals of the church of Rome, when the Bastile and the Inquisition were the colleges where minds which had evinced early symptoms of genius, were charitably educated. Mathematics and chemistry, under the reign of Napoleon, made such extraordinary progress, as to balance the coalesced success of all preceding ages; and, under the present government of Charles X., the Bishop of Hermopolis, and the Jesuits, we have heard the illustrious Cuvier, at the tribune of the Royal Institute, celebrate the sterling utility of chemistry, on the ruin of the fine arts and moral sciences.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### ORIGINAL.

#### THEATRICAL LAMENTATION; Or, the Grief of the Garden and the Doings of Drury.

I AM naturally a curious old fellow, Mr. Editor, and poke my nose in various out-of-the-way places. I have been in the boudoir of Madame Vestris, when she was visited by Miss Foote;—you must remember the dialogue in your Chronicle. I saw Paul Pry

in the Doldrums, and heard Wrench's attempts at consolation; and, what is more, I was at the theatre when Liston delivered his Disadvantages of Popularity, to which his utterance could alone give even a morsel of fame. I had thought the poetaster would have done better justice to his theme. But now I have to impart to your noble self, your noble journal, and your noble readers, a 'curious communing,' that I unexpectedly listened to, which will, no doubt, interest ye all to a wonderful degree.

On arriving in town, I took up my residence at one of the most celebrated hotels in Covent Garden. It was on Friday, the 22d day of this our righte merrie sporting month, (I like to be particular,) and being wearied with a long journey, I felt, as the doctors have it, somewhat somnific. The magazines, &c., were on a table before me; but, fearful of falling into a deep slumber, I declined courting their poppies. The apartment in which I sat was wainscoted, and, from some imperfection or design, several chinks in the wood were perceptible. Listless and tired I gradually closed my peepers, when, as I was on the point of dropping off to sleep, my attention was aroused by the rustling of silks, which seemed to proceed from the next room. Curiosity made me arise, and, with a blush on my cheek, as now whilst I am relating it, I played the eaves-dropper. Imagine, Mr. Editor, my wonder, when I beheld a well-looking matron, shabby genteel, enter the room with a languid walk, and sitting down on the sofa, with a palsied hand, apply a green-coloured handkerchief (which seemed as if torn from a curtain,) to her eyes, from whence the tears piteously trickled. I was hurt to the heart, my compassion rose up in my throat, and well nigh choaked me. I had not gazed more than a minute and a half, when another rustling of lady's habiliments met mine ear. Surely, thought I, this poor creature has a friend to visit her, who is now arrived to comfort and console. The sequel proved I was not mistaken. In less time than I have consumed in thus talking, the visitant made her entré. She was old, *very old*—I could discover the gray hairs of her head protruding through the well-curled front of her wig; but how shall I describe her dress; no pen can do it adequate justice. Party-coloured in the extreme, each separate portion appeared to vie in effulgence with its neighbour; the starched stomacher displayed its neat dimensions,—the point lace, though somewhat yellow, yet showed its value by its breadth of texture,—the flowing shawl enveloped a once-perfect figure, and the dowdy white of the ostrich plume bending gracefully over her antiquated head, formed a coup-d'œil at once proper and commanding; but still, in my mind, her countenance did not display so much sensibility as the other's; and, in the admixture of hues, which distinguished her garb, I thought I could discern that some of the materials were not of the best make. With a low obeisance, which the former lady mournfully returned, she thus began:—

Why, my dear Covent Garden, do you thus mourn?

(*My agitation was extreme.—Is you pale figure, I thought, the titular saint of that long-celebrated theatre!*)

Let a smile resume thy visage, my sister; we have been equal sufferers in affliction. Well, how are you?

*Covent Garden.* Bad, very bad, Mistress Drury! (I started a second time.)

*Drury Lane.* Take the advice of thine elder, dear; do not despond, there is 'a time for all things,' as the proverb says.

*C. Aye,* my time is over, my noon of life is fled.

*D.* Why, I am older than you, and yet, believe me, I make shift to appear tolerably creditable,—

*C.* I know my station, and am worth no less a Price.

*C.* You're too dearly bought. I have known the time when—(sobs)—

*D.* What then, my love?

*C.* I need not have worn this piece of old curtain for a pocket-handkerchief. This is the last fragment of the green drop. What next I must use I do not know; my tears rise so abundantly that I could inundate the very pit. The pocket linings of my lovers are all gone; the flats are useless, and the properties decayed.

*D.* What a scene you draw!

*C.* Not in perspective, believe me: the gods, who used to make a pothe o'er our heads, have fled their seats; the two-shilling gallery no longer resounds with jocund mirth; the first circle is no more within compass; the dress department is in the wrong box,—all have gone down to the pit.

*D.* It's pretty particularly true, I guess.

*C.* (rising with dignity.) Canst thou insult me, sister, by that vile Yankee;—then have I descended, indeed! Oh! (falls into a swoon)

(*Drury Lane rises and pours water on the face of Covent Garden.*)

*C.* (recovering.) Is it come to this? Could you break the heart of one so long your neighbour;—of one who has shared with you the smiles of the town! Remember, (endeavouring to rise,) if I fall, you soon will follow.

*D.* (taking C. G. respectfully by the hand.) Rise, my love, compose your scattered spirits. Are you better, dear?

*C.* No, sister; I feel that I am consumptive,—all the medicines I have taken have been of no avail. I have courted that huge empiric, Chancery,—fees swallow every thing, and I am now desolate and forlorn.

*D.* I was as bad as you the other day; but although John Bull grew tired of my charms, an American has decked me out, you see.

*C.* Aye, but rather dowdy; you put me in mind of one of your own attendant nymphs—gold and glitter, finery and folly; 'twill be but for a season.

*D.* Do you not like my dress? I was thinking it was very pretty.

*C.* (aside.) An old fool! (turning) I used to like your former exterior better,—that had a matronly appearance, but now there's too much pride about you. 'Pride will have a fall,' as we say at our house.

*D.* (pouting.) Aye, but your flowers have

not flourished; you want a little of the sun of prosperity to nourish them.

C. Content thee, friend; thy western hemisphere may not be long illuminated.

D. I shall make a number of new appearances.

C. Aye, but don't forget the stars.

D. I will woo the public.

C. Aye, but will they come when you call? Have not I called with the voice of one of Wombwell's showmen on the 3d of September? Have I not brought horses, asses, and Balaam, to aid the public taste? All would not do,—thanks to the crisis.

D. Since you are so illiberal, I tell you I will rival you; you have too long been the belle and favourite. Old as I am, I cannot yet forget how to be jealous.

C. Oh, Drury! Drury! you who experienced so long the patronage of Garrick, Sheridan, and Kemble; whose very patronymic was sufficient to draw—

D. (pettishly.) What?

C. The whole town after your heels, do now, in your dotage, show your airs; and, though on the precipice of misfortune, with creditors pushing you on, triumph over a fallen sister—

'Oh, horrible! horrible! most horrible!'

D. Forgive me, 'I knew not what I said; but I have been put very much out of temper by the pert misses, Haymarket and Lyceum, we have brought them up for something.'

C. Ay, I told you how it would be: summer girls, indeed! As for that old maid, the Haymarket, 'tis time she were married.

D. Oh, no; offspring might arise—the fry is yet sufficient—witness the *minors*.

C. How is the elderly Italian dame, that lives opposite the Haymarket.

D. Worse off than yourself—she is afflicted with the same chancery complaint, and, in addition, an *intermitting* fever, though always with a *low pulse*.

C. Strange.

D. 'Tis passing strange, I wish I had not heard it.'

C. Ah, the theatrical atmosphere is sadly changed, never again shall the invigorating breeze brace my shattered nerves; 'no more on me' may the flood of glory pour its enlivening light—dense as a December fog is grown my fame, vacant my treasury, lank my person, and wretched my appearance.—(Bursts into an inordinate fit of weeping.)

D. Dear sister, I feel the iron in my soul when you *take on* thus:

C. 'Together we have lived,

Together we will die.'

At this moment, Mr. Editor, whether or not my constrained situation affected my cold—but I coughed—in the twinkling of an eye they ran from the room, exclaiming, *they were ruined*; but as I was not bound to secrecy, I thought I could not do better than to inform you of this veritable fact. Should I find any thing further worthy of observation in the dramatic region, you may depend on my attention and notice.

ALFRED.

### OLIVES.

*To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.*

I HAVE a small literary garden, which I sometimes amuse myself by cultivating, and which has lately produced me the following small collection of olives. Will you do me the honour of accepting them? After your usually excellent dinner of criticism, your readers may perhaps find them well adapted to create a thirst for your 'original' wine, and a more just appreciation of the sweets of your poetical desserts. As, however, the soil from which they spring is not of the richest, you must not expect to find them of a very excellent quality. I rather offer them as a token of the satisfaction I usually receive from your weekly treat, and in the hope that they may induce some more wealthy literæculturist to present you with a larger and better supply.

I am, sir, very truly your's, E.

1. Few things are better calculated to show how much we surpass our forefathers in toleration, kindly spirits, and a just sense of equality, than the Letters of Archbishop Warburton. His correspondence with his biographer, Hurd, is a stranger tissue of arrogance on the one side, and of servility on the other, than we ever again wish to contemplate. His contemptuous mention of Johnson,—the mountain to which Warburton was a mere mole-hill,—the bitterness with which he alludes to the remarks of the 'Leviathan of literature,' on his edition of Shakespeare, prove that, in the practice of at least one of the virtues of his divine master, humility, he was lamentably deficient. On the other hand, the evidently *afflicted* submittal of his works to the correction of Hurd, who, he was well assured, had read the story of Gil Blas and the Licentiate of Salamanca, to some purpose, and would no more venture to find fault than he would fail to praise. The eternal display of what Professor Porson has very aptly termed 'the devil's darling vice,—pride that *apes* humility,'—is enough to nauseate the most enduring stomachs.

2. The old warning, 'to take care of the farthings, and the shillings will take care of themselves,' may be well applied, metaphorically, for the preservation of temper. People are apt to indulge, without scruple, in paltry petulances and bickerings, without reflecting that 'much rain wears the marble,' and that confidence and happiness may be undermined, as well as overwhelmed. Learn to check the *slight* ebullitions of passion, and you will find the frequency of the *more powerful* decrease in proportion. By giving the former the rein, you license the latter, with a host of vices in its train. He who is unwilling to act unjustly towards his fellows, should shudder at the idea of indulging in petulance. Scarcely a day passes in which the *petulant* man does not also prove himself an *unjust* one.

3. I never yet saw the face of a person of talent, without discovering in it something beautiful. The soul is sure to triumph over the deformities of the clay somewhere; this kind of beauty is, besides, more lasting than that which depends upon external symmetry alone. I have often wondered at the very

slovenly, vulgar, and even *plain* appearance of women, whom I remembered a few years before they became worn with the cares of matrimony, smart, genteel, and pretty generally considered as handsome. The secret consisted in this: the spring of the mind was wanting. Nature had done every thing for the exterior, but the internal preservative had been neglected. To reverse the picture: I am acquainted with a lady who, (much of misfortune as it has been of late *her* destiny to endure,) appears to me more beautiful than ever. She has imbibed all the *pathos* of adversity without any of its degradations. I am speaking of a woman of talent.

4. Of all human failings, conceit—that is, downright, incurable, pompous conceit, appears to me the most detestable. One generally finds some excuse lurking in a corner of the heart for most others; but conceit is a cold-blooded vice, involving the *very worst* qualities of nearly all the other vices, without any of their gratifying attributes. Yet, it will be urged, there have been great things accomplished by persons over whom conceit held no trifling sway. Granted; but such 'great things' are exotics;—they are forced plants, and have none of their native odour about them. If a conceited man renders you a service, do not therefore imagine that he has a kindness for you; such is by no means an infallible inference. It is rendered either in expectation of an equivalent return, or for the purpose of 'showing off' the superiority and consequence of the donor. It is an axiom pretty generally allowed, that 'the great mind is one that can forget itself.' A conceited man never forgets himself; his own self-constituted importance is ever present to his imagination, and he is consequently deficient in all the *affectionate* attributes of humanity. His favourite letter is I, and the most beautiful combination of letters *he* ever met with,—is his own name. If he opens a dictionary, he is sure to open it at the word 'self,' which, in his estimation, outvalues all the volume beside. Like the 'little hopping elf' in Montgomery's beautiful little poem, these water-wagtails of the human race, are eternally laying such 'flattering unction to their souls' as the following:—

'Hear your sovereign's proclamation,

All good subjects, young and old!

I'm the lord of the creation;

I—a water-wagtail bold!

All around, and all you see,

All the world was made for *ME*! \*

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas for my accommodation,

Nature rose when I was born;

Should I die—the whole creation

Back to nothing would return:

Sun, moons, stars, the world, you see,

Sprung—exist—will fall with *ME*! \*

MONTGOMERY—*Soliloquy of a Water-wagtail*.

There is no warmth, no sincerity about a conceited man, except in his enmities. Offend him, and you may sit yourself down in the perfect assurance of the utter impossibility of ever obtaining his forgiveness. Fortunately, it is not worth the seeking after.

In the vicinity of a poisonous plant, nature usually places its antidote—the antidote to the presence of such a being, is contempt. E.

## RESOURCES OF ORGANIC DEPRIVATION.

'Vestigia nulla retrorsum.'

ALL evils are worst in anticipation, and there is no state of life so utterly miserable as it may appear to be. Troubles, which, at a distance, seem unbearable, when encountered boldly, become comparatively trivial, and, borne with fortitude, are lessened daily.

Even the misfortune of being born blind is not always so terrible as the inconsiderate observer may be inclined to fancy.

I remember reading somewhere, of an interesting lady, to whom, from her birth, the delights of vision had been denied; but whose sensibilities were so remarkably acute, as to render, in her estimation, the loss of sight a source rather of comfort than of dissatisfaction; since it appeared to give her an additional claim upon the affection and tenderness of her friends and relations.

I have, also, recently heard of a gentleman in the same situation who possessed so many virtues and valuable accomplishments, that he was ranked among the first of an extensive, intellectual, and elegant circle. At an early age, he became a proficient in music; and, while still a youth, possessing taste and extensive vocal powers, he was the delight of his affectionate parents. In return for song and music, the best authors were read for his amusement; and as the loss of one sense is in most cases amply compensated by a proportionate augmentation of ingenuity or strength in the remainder,—through the aid of a powerful memory and sound judgment, he retained all that was most valuable or interesting. Hence it naturally resulted that his conversation was full of interest and power, and his presence in company ensured that there should be no lack of mental entertainment. To his intellectual claims he added a humility of manner, which had the customary effect of rendering his real superiority the more eminently conspicuous. Arrived at the age of manhood, he took possession of a small estate, and nothing seemed wanting to complete his happiness, but the society and affection of one who could devote to him her love, and become his friend, his wife, his heart's sole home. The difficulty of obtaining such a one, even for those who are not blind, is sufficiently obvious; but despondency formed no part of the character of the interesting subject of our story; and, although it frequently happens that the quick-sighted choose as if they had no eyes at all, in this case it so chanced, that had the gentleman been lynx-eyed, he could not have chosen better. He fixed upon one of his own class,—a lady in circumstances precisely similar to his,—blind, but cheerful and intelligent. Her powers had been cultivated for the sake of enabling her to procure amusement or consolation, and, like her future husband, she had evinced much taste and talent in musical pursuits. They were introduced to each other, and very quickly discovered a reciprocity of sentiment and feeling. Their desire to be mutually agreeable, assisted the views of their friends, and they were soon happily married. A gentleman who visited them after their marriage, de-

clares that he was seldom happier than when in their society. Their unaffected manners, their pleasing attention to their friends and to each other, aided by their easy circumstances and their musical talents, rendered their little parties, in an extraordinary degree, delightful.

Before quitting the subject, it may not be irrelevant to introduce another remarkable and well-authenticated instance of the resources which are sometimes possessed by the blind. Joseph Strong, of the city of Carlisle had been blind from his infancy, but found means to acquire, and now does, or very lately did, actually practise the business of a diaper-weaver in that city; and is considered not only as a good, but a very expeditious workman.

*By way of amusement* for his intervals of leisure, he is his own carpenter, joiner, and cabinet-maker; and most of the pieces of machinery used in his trade, as well as the furniture and domestic utensils of his own house, are of his construction, as also the model of a loom, and the figure of a man working at it.

At the age of fifteen, impelled by curiosity, or the spur of productive genius, he concealed himself in the cathedral, after divine service in the evening, and when the doors were shut, groped his way to the organ gallery; proceeded minutely to examine every part of the instrument, but accidentally or designedly touching the keys, by means of some remaining unexhausted wind from the bellows, the noise at that hour, for it was now almost midnight, naturally alarmed the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses, more particularly as their organist had lately died, and no successor was yet appointed. After some delay on the score of terror, the door was opened, and the parties directing their search to the organ gallery, found Joseph, to whom night was as noonday, busily engaged. He was reprimanded by the dean, for his ill-chosen hour, but permitted to *feel* the organ at all reasonable times.

In consequence of this permission, he began making a chamber organ, which he finished without assistance, and instructed himself sufficiently in music, to use the instrument for the purposes of devotion and temporary relaxation from business; on these occasions, he generally made use of his own extempore composition, which, though wildly irregular, was said to have been, by those who have heard it played, remarkably consonant with the impressions and sentiments of the words which accompanied it.

Having heard much of Mr. Stanley, the organist and composer, M. Strong walked from Carlisle to London, for the purpose of conversing with that gentleman, and on this occasion wore, for the first time, a pair of travelling shoes, which, to use his own words, he made stout, in the hope that they would last his journey, and his wish was gratified. Whilst in London, his musical ability was displayed before many distinguished characters, and he returned to his own house in health and spirits, having experienced many delicate and gratifying attentions.

He subsequently built for himself a second

organ, and disposed of the first to a Manx's gentleman, who afterwards removed to Ireland, and this wonderful production of a blind man was exhibited in Dublin, and considered as a great curiosity.

After relating such circumstances, we may perhaps listen with less difficulty to a certain modern writer, who observes, that if the human intellect continues to make a progress in improvement, proportionate to the strides it has made during the last fifty years, he shall not be surprised to be told of an apparatus, by which a farmer will be enabled to put a plough, *properly instructed*, into a field, in the morning, and to find his ground ploughed, dressed, and sown, on his return in the evening.

## WINDSOR.

DEAR delightful Windsor! I love thy towers and terraces, thy secret recesses and sylvan scenery. I love to revisit thee after stemming the storm of a turbulent world. Thou ancient castle of England's kings! how my heart beats within me when I see the national banner floating above thee, and waving gaily in the wind.

Whatever way you approach Windsor, the castle appears uncommonly sublime. If by Staines, and along the river side, you are delighted with occasional glimpses of the towers. If by the long walk, nothing can exceed the enchantment of the scene. It breaks upon you when you attain the summit of the hill. When the weather is fine, the whiteness of the walls is singularly pleasing. By Datchet, the view is indescribable, and near Eton, it is even superior.

By Eton you have a varied view of the castle for miles: the new octagon tower is pre-eminent in every direction.

I ask those who waste so much of their wealth abroad, in visiting castles on the Rhine, and scenes in Switzerland, if any thing can equal the view (from this road) of the castles of the kings of their native land? If the morning is fine, and the air a little hazy, it has a singularly mystical appearance.

One of the grandest ideas that ever entered the mind of man, was that of erecting the great portal directly commanding the Long Walk. Indeed it was 'a consummation devoutly to be wished'; its want was obvious to all. Let the stranger stand a few yards within the arch, and then look through it up the long walk; delight must be the invariable result. It certainly is a noble avenue; how pleasing to see a vista of such lofty trees, so regular, romantic, and grand! What will it appear when completed?

The new erections are in the same style as the old. It may be regretted that the stones are not larger. The towers have not that massy grandeur one could wish. Small flints are inserted between the stones in the ancient style. This certainly derogates from the dignity of a building; but it will be highly gratifying to those who have looked so long on Gothic structures that they cannot admire any other; these gentlemen mortally abhor all innovation; perhaps it resulted from the modesty of the architect.

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The round tower is to be elevated. This is a beautiful retreat for all lovers of nature. With a few oranges in my pocket, I have here passed many a sunny hour. How pretty the turf and shrubs look round the foundation! but who can describe the prospect from the top? A more enchanting natural panorama never existed. Denham and Pope have immortalised the scene; but Denham and Pope are no more. The latter, it seems, has not ceased to be the object of calumny with the small poets of the age; they will not even let him rest in his grave. Oh, the 'odium in longum jacens' of these 'vates irritabiles.' It is hereditary.

There is one more object of attraction here it would be baseness not to notice—the Princess Charlotte's monument. Indeed, it is peerless, and beyond all praise. The simple unaffected figure of the princess is exquisitely beautiful. The fairy being of a better world, she seems ascending from the earth, while her former mansion of clay lies tenantless below. The latter is a singular figure, and appears to have died in agony: the hip is too much elevated; it is distorted, and gives pain to the mind of the spectator. The body is covered with a shroud; no part of it is visible, except the little delicate hand, which hangs lower than the drapery. So fine is the material which seems to be thrown over the corpse, that you fancy you perceive the features of the face: it has a singular effect.

Some female mourners, covered with drapery, kneel around the bier: they bear the mark of a master hand; the one on the right of the spectator is inimitable; it is enough to say they seem to live. The whole is placed in a recess lighted with windows of stained glass, whose delicate tints, falling on the snowy marble, give it a pleasing softness of expression, and render the scene solemn and sublime.

MONTAGUE.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### A HUSBAND'S ANNUAL OFFERING.

WIFE! by what dearer name

Art thou identified?

Love! 'twas thy sacred flame

Gave me my bride.

Years, many years, have fled,

In bloom, and cloud, and shine;

Yet, by thine influence led,

I still am thine.

Cares in our offspring rise;

They bud and blossom too;

But Love insures supplies

Of fruits in view.

Children are dear to thought,

As time conveys us on;

By them our steps are taught

Life's distance gone.

Wife! mother! partner! love!

Though years invade our frame,

Love's feeling strengthens as we move

To whence we came.

The heart's the dearest home

Our grief and joy can find:

Here—Passion will not roam,

But dwell resigned.

Thus may we love and live:

Thus bear, forbear, and cheer:

The errors of the past forgive

From year to year.

T.

#### SONG.

*On the Anniversary Festival in honour of Charles XII.*

[From the Swedish of Tegnér.]

**KING CHARLES**, the hero, young but brave,  
Stood hid in dust and smoke;  
From leather belt he drew his glaive,  
And through the battle broke.  
How keenly Swedish steel can bite  
We'll try upon that crew;  
Away with ev'ry Muscovite!  
Rush on, my boys in blue!  
And one 'gainst ten he match'd his band,  
Great Wasa's son, in wrath;  
Then fled—what fell not by the brand,—  
Thus trod he glory's path.  
In vain three\* kings together cite  
The youths t' obey their nod;  
He calm withstands all Europe's might—  
A beardless thunder-god.  
Then gray-hair'd Policy outspread  
Its nets with artful care;  
One word the youthful hero said—  
And burst was ev'ry snare.  
With swelling bosom, locks of gold,  
A new Aurora† came;  
But twenty years the chief had told;  
Unheard returned the dame.  
So noble, so sublime a heart  
His Swedish bosom warm'd;  
What grief might send, or joy impart,  
Still nought but virtue charm'd.  
Alike in weal—alike in woe—  
Despising Fortune's might,  
He could not yield, he could not bow,  
Fall, fall alone he might.  
Lo! on the hero's bones the stars  
Of night since long have shone,  
And moss of more than hundred years  
Upon his tomb hath grown;  
So perishable is all fame,  
All glory here below,  
The north remembers but his name,  
Like tale of bliss or wo.

Yet still that tale the land shall please,  
Where ancient tales arose,  
And soon their strain the dwarfs‡ shall cease,  
The giant's worthless foes.  
Still in the north his spirit dread  
Abides, though envy rage;  
He slumbers, but—he is not dead;  
His slumber is an age.  
Bend, Sweden, on that tomb the knee;  
Thy greatest son lies there;  
Its legend is thine epopee,  
Oh, read it with despair.  
To learn, adore, and venerate,  
Let history draw near,  
And Swedish valour consecrate  
Her victor-standards here.

ABDALLAH.

\* Peter I. of Russia, Augustus II. of Poland, and Frederic IV. of Denmark.

† Maria Aurora, countess of Königsmark, one of the most beautiful women of her time, and mistress of Augustus II. king of Poland and Saxony, who, after having been repeatedly defeated by Charles XII., sent her, in 1702, to that monarch, to make a secret treaty of peace; but Charles sent her back without ever deigning to speak to her.

‡ By dwarf the author means the ignoble and degenerate of his countrymen, who, boasting of the present enlightened age, are continually censuring the character and actions of Charles and his followers.

#### THE SONS OF THE DEEP.

'Britannia rule the waves?'

—'gentis cunabula nostra.'—VIRG. AEN. 3.105.

'Tis on the sea! 'tis on the sea!

We love to rock and roam;  
And the wild storm was born to be  
Our element,—our home.

Our cradle is the billow,  
Our canopy, the sky,  
The booming foam our pillow,  
Its roar our lullaby.

The ocean is our rest,  
And when we sink to sleep,  
Our brothers bind our canvas vest,  
And drop us in the deep.

So die the free!  
Britannia's mighty band;  
Leviathans upon the sea,  
And lions on the land.

October 3.

M—E.

#### THE DRAMA, AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE has been very prolific this week in new appearances, but none of them are worthy of decided notice; among the most important are those of Messrs Hooper and Southwell: of the former, his figure and action are well adapted for his profession, but his voice — our contemporaries of the diurnal class have exercised their talent and ingenuity, in likening it to every thing incongruous and opposite—for ourselves we have no voice in it. Mr. Southwell is among the middlings, and will no doubt prove a 'useful' on the establishment. A few et ceteras have filled up the theatrical void, in the same manner as we do this dramatic paragraph. For a playful account of the present state of the two great houses, we refer our readers to that portion of our journal occupied by our friend Alfred.

COVENT GARDEN.—Miss Cawse, a pupil of Sir George Smart, made her debut on Wednesday night. Her voice is flexible and clear, with a tone though not particularly full, yet sufficiently brilliant to execute in a pleasing manner the most abstruse music; we doubt not a yet further practice will call into requisition much more decided talent.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This well conducted theatre closed on Thursday, when Mr. Bartley, in the character of Sir William Buffer, rushed suddenly into the presence of an elegant and crowded audience, and in all the humour and warmth of his part, expressed how prosperous they had been throughout the season, adverted to new projects for renewed patronage, and returned thanks, for the proprietors and performers, amidst the most gratifying acclamations from all parts of the theatre.

On the 21st August, at Montreal, Mr. Kean took a farewell benefit, in Cardinal Wolsey and Sylvester Daggerwood: at the close of the performance, he was loudly called for by the audience, and in consequence left his bed to attend their summons. In his address he stated that it was long since he had attempted Sylvester Daggerwood, and declared he would never play it again.

A re-action usually follows a depression. Franklin says, it is a long lane which has no turning, and this truth is now exemplifying in the revival of bookselling, which in the late crisis bore a heavy share of misfortune. The Titans of the trade are now beginning, with every prospect of success, their winter campaign; and in the list of the announcements, issued from Albemarle Street, we find no less than thirty-three new works, among which are the following important publications:—Moore's Life of Lord Byron; the Conway Papers, from the collection of the Marquis of Hertford; the Wilmot ditto; a Life of Grotius, by Charles Butler, with a second volume of his Reminiscenses; a series of Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, by the laureate; the Georgics of Virgil, translated into six languages, &c. &c.—In the poetical novelties are, the 5th volume of Orlando Furioso, by Rose; and Lyrics of the Heart, with other poems, by that very pleasing poet, Alarie A. Watts. Other publishers are equally on the alert. This looks well!

Mr. J. R. Jackson, author of *Affection's Victim*, *Fall of the Crescent*, &c. has a poem in the press, entitled *Ahab*.

Mrs. St. Clair will shortly publish *First and Last Years of Wedded Life*.

A marble sepulchral monument, in honour of the late Bishop Heber, is about to be erected by subscription, in the cathedral church of Calcutta.

The play-houses in Paris are not more profitable than in this country. Of all the theatres, (and there are about a dozen,) not more than two are profitable, and many of their proprietors are in a state of insolvency.

Tenders have been made for building the new university in Gower Street. The highest sum demanded was £128,984, in the name of Harrison, and the lowest, signed Lee, was £107,767; there were six intermediate bidders.

The pile of buildings lately erected in the gardens of the British Museum, for the reception, as it is understood, of the library recently presented by his majesty to this institution, is nearly in a finished state.

The Gentleman's Magazine for October, has a 'well-meant' letter as Blackwood would call it, upon 'Grace,' in which the writer reprobates the want of attention to thankfulness before meals, this he terms a 'practised neglect of duty.' He quotes Josephus and several scripture authorities in favour of saying grace, and laments that heads of families should omit expressions of gratitude, which would be honourable to their characters, and satisfactory to their consciences.

### THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

*The Voice of the Law.*—The law has been defined, by those who practise it, the perfection of reason; too many, however, feel it to

be the perfection of knavery and the very opposite to common sense; full of quibbles to favour the knave, full of quirks to perplex the simple and honest. 'A fool's voice,' saith the preacher, 'is known by multitude of words;' yet a multitude of words seems to constitute the wisdom of lawyers,—the folly lies with those who pay for them. Lawyers are undoubtedly wise enough in their own generation; when a man is well paid in proportion to the multitude of his words, he is apt to be long-winded. Conciseness of language can be hardly expected to come into fashion with attorneys, so long as the present system shall exist—let those, therefore, who do not approve of the copiousness and luxuriance of the legal tongue, or the romance of legal fictions, observe two rules, viz: never to go to law themselves, and to take care that the law never comes to them.

Burnet, in his *Word*, says, 'we hear of men who have a singing in their ears, but we know nothing of its music: to this may be replied, that should it originate in a box-o'-the-ears, (which will certainly occasion a singing,) it may justly be called *Bochsa's (boxer's) music*.

The *Mauritius Gazette*, of the 10th June last, contains a return made by order of the government, of the rats and birds destroyed within twelve months. The rats' tails collected, in proof of the order having been fulfilled, in eight districts, amounted to 830,473, and the birds' heads to 238,549. It seems, that the abundance of these creatures had become almost a plague, and the record of their destruction bears the official signature of the chief secretary of the colony.

We learn that Mr. Beckford is proceeding with his improvements and adornments on Lansdown very rapidly. He has now one hundred men employed in the erection of a splendid and ornamental building, of which a magnificent tower will form a part. His architect advised him to allow it to be delayed till the next spring; but Mr. Beckford, with a noble generosity that cannot be too highly eulogized, said, 'No, during the cold winter the men would starve without the means of subsistence, and the work shall be commenced immediately.'—*Bath Journal*.

*Works just published:—Death's Doings*, 24 plates, 8vo. 16s.—*Hooper on the Brain*, 4to. 2L. 12s. 6d.—*Jephson's Fluxional Calculus*, 8vo. 16s.—*Culpeper's Herbal*, 6s.—*Areas of Circles*, 3s.—*Sermons on the Ninety-first Psalm*, 7s.—*Sandford's Extracts from Greek Authors*, 6s.

### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom.	1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Sept. 29	57	67	60	30 12	Cloudy.	
.... 30	66	67	55	29 80	Showers.	
Oct. 1	57	64	49	.. 80	Cloudy.	
.... 2	48	61	54	.. 95	Fair.	
.... 3	48	59	50	.. 91	Cloudy.	
.... 4	50	55	45	.. 77	Do.	
.... 5	43	54	44	.. 88	Fair.	

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P

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Serenade in our next.

We have searched for J. R. J.'s three communications, but in vain; we shall be glad to know when they were forwarded.

A letter is left in Surrey Street for J. W. H. Ossianic subjects are seldom worthy of insertion. P.'s Epitaph is not to our taste.

The Specimens of Italian Poetry, No. 1, in our succeeding number.

Lines, by A. D., a Sonnet, by D., and Stanzas for Music, are intended for early admission.

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